They Never Called Him Cherry Nose

Chicago

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OCTOBER 1954

ational Barn Dance

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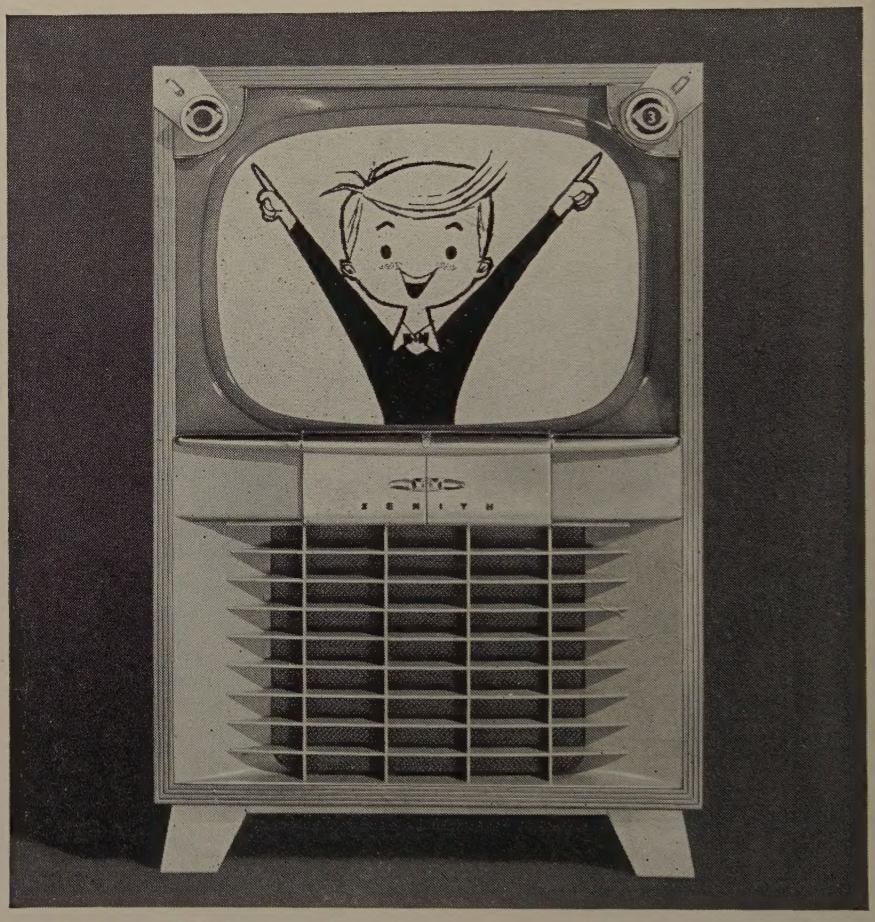

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Contributors

The report on archaeological activity up north, **Aztecs in Wisconsin?,** reflects a long-standing amateur interest in anthropology on the part of its author, **A. A. Dornfeld,** free-lance writer and newspaperman.

National Barn Dance was written by **Bernard L. Asbel,** an editor of industrial publications, who used to be a notable figure in the folk song field.

The author of **Myopia Revisited,** this month's short story, is a young satire and humor writer ("Don't call me a gag man.") named **Brack Harriman.**

Zdenek Pivecka, a native of Czechoslovakia who now lives in Riverside, photogaphed **The Life of a Droplet** as an exercise when he was a student at the Institute für Bildjournalismus in Munich. The cover photo also is his.

They Never Called Him Cherry Nose was written by **Gordon Shelly,** an inmate of the Michigan state prison at Jackson, who knew his subjects at Leavenworth and later. His autobiography will soon be published in a pocket edition.

Reuel Denney teaches sociology at the University of Chicago in addition to writing poems like **Discards of Halloween.** Formerly an editor of "Fortune" magazine, he is also the recent author of an article on the social and intellectual implications of "Pogo" and other comic strips.

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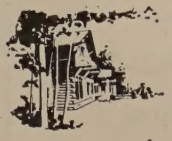
Invest in a timber  *farm?*

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As the National Real Estate Clearing House, Previews is able to offer a wide selection of camps, resorts, income properties and fine homes from the North Woods to the Ozarks, and even Coast to Coast. Excellent pictures and all the facts are yours for the asking. Inquire at any Previews office, or of your own Realtor who is authorized to show and sell all Previews properties.

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SPECIALISTS IN
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Readers & writers

Sir: I saw CHICAGO for the first time this week — the July issue, sent to me by a friend in Denver, Colorado. We both lived in Chicago in 1950, in the Rush-Bellevue-Cedar neighborhood, and I was interested in your story "Eleven Come Seven" in West of the Water Tower. But you left out the real reason why Morris Gottlieb sold 11-cent beer, as he and his wife, Jennie, explained it to my husband and me. Morris was always forgetting to install a new beer barrel, and was forever running out of draft beer. He raised his price to 11 cents so he could put the extra penny in a beer glass behind the bar. And when the glass was full of pennies, it was time to change barrels. That is why he refused to raise the price further even when 11 cents left him little or no profit.

JEAN F. CAMPBELL,
Brownsburg, Indiana

Sir: I found Robert H. Elliott's article "When the Bombs Go Off, We Tell Them It's Fireworks" [August] the most important article in the magazine. How can the people around the Trumbull Park Homes expect the Negro children to grow up and be good Americans when they are teaching them racial prejudice? These so-called Americans . . . are instilling in the Negro children, as well as in their own children, the seeds of hate, which these children will carry all thru their lives. The Communists are probably very pleased with these so-called Americans.

PATRICIA M. CONNOLLY

Sir: I have just finished your article "When the Bombs Go Off . . ." [August] How much better it would have been if the couple of million dollars spent in protecting these few families had been spent on education, housing and general welfare. I personally think it was another case of public administration leaping before it looked to satisfy a pressure group.

TOM ROBSON

Sir: Amen to the editor's note in the September "Readers and Writers" column. This conception that CHICAGO is a mag for the sophisticated intelligentsia is nonsense. I should know. I read it, and am not of the aforementioned group. One gripe: The talents of Studs Terkel seem to me to be wasted on the overworked and somewhat droll subject of TV.

STUART KINGSLEY HOPKINS

Sir: I have read the Carson Pirie Scott story [August] and think it most interesting. Also I believe that you presented the Shedd story accurately and cleverly. I guess this is the first time the Shedd story has ever appeared in print anywhere, which fact I think should be a credit to your magazine. I was also intrigued with the article on the ancient boundaries of Lake Michigan, of which I, for one, had never been aware before. I wish you every success in building an increasingly interesting publication.

H. M. MCBAIN,
Chairman of the Board,
Marshall Field & Co.

Sir: Just a note to thank you for the very fine write-up of the shops in Long Grove in your July issue [What Goes on Here]. It brought no end of people to our village and they seemed to enjoy themselves. Judging by our experience of the number of people who responded to your description of our village and its shops and restaurants, you are really going places. I am not the only one by any means who has commented on the pulling power of the notice you gave us.

FRANCES SHRAYER,
Long Grove,
Prairie View, Illinois

Sir: I don't know what your circulation is, but I am sure most of them have been here and have mentioned the magazine.

BOB SINNOTT,
Prairie View, Illinois

Sir: I would like my subscription to begin with the August issue, as I bought the others on a trip to your city. I would like to say that your magazine added to my feeling that something lively is happening in Chicago. I especially like your artists and your use of them.

WILLIAM W. LOVE,
Art Editor, *Consumer Reports*,
New York, New York

Sir: I read with great interest the June edition of CHICAGO. I think you are doing a great job. I found especially interesting your article by Robert L. Shebs on "The Mayors of Chicago." Forty-four years ago this fall I launched the "Chicago Magazine" which pioneered in a field you are entering so ably and with such fine promise of a brilliant future.

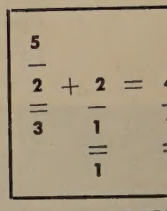
BARRATT O'HARA
Member of Congress

PAGE 50

PAGE 34

October 1954

Chicago



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COVER

The grotesque with the salt- and pepper-shaker eyes and carrot nose was concocted by Vladimir Reichl of Brookfield for his five-year-old daughter last Halloween. Its portrait was made by Zdenek Pivecka.

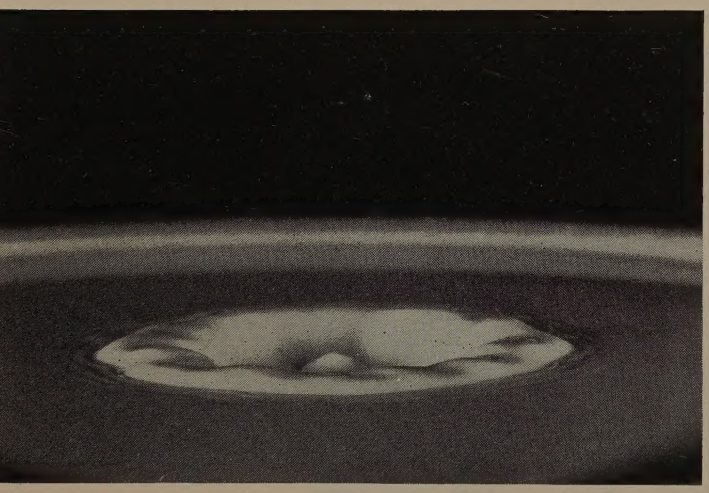
This is volume I, number 8 of CHICAGO Magazine. Published every month. Address all manuscripts to the Editor, CHICAGO, 858 n. La Salle st., Chicago 10. Copyright 1954, Contemporary Publications, Inc. Louis Leverone, chairman of the board; Maurice English, president; Robert H. McCormick jr., vice-president and treasurer; George W. Overton, secretary; Lawrence Howe jr., asst. secretary.

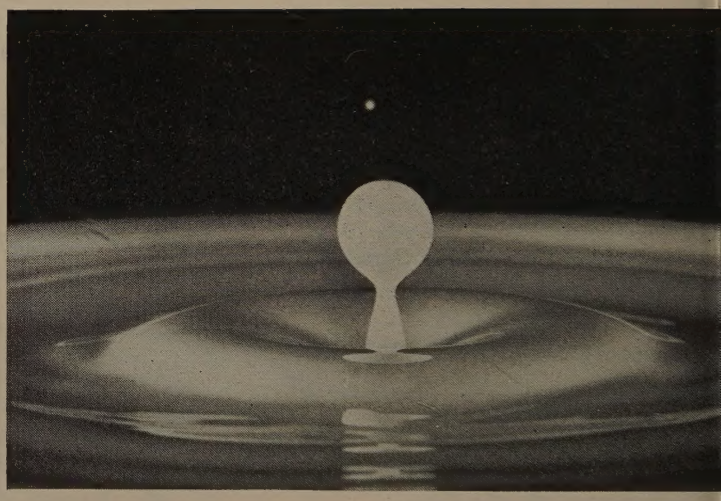
Subscription rates: 25c single copy; $2.50 one year; $4.00 two years; $5.50 three years. Foreign postage outside the Americas, $1.50 per year additional. **Change of address:** six weeks advance notice, and old address, as well as new one, required. Address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to CHICAGO, subscription dept., Box 1283, Chicago 90.

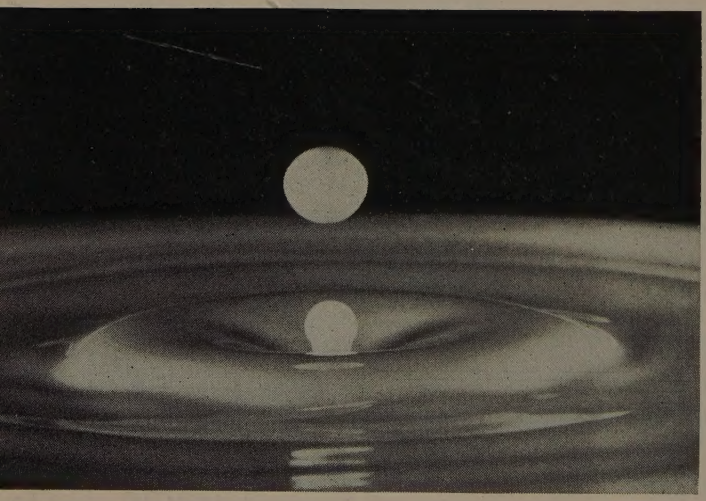
Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois.

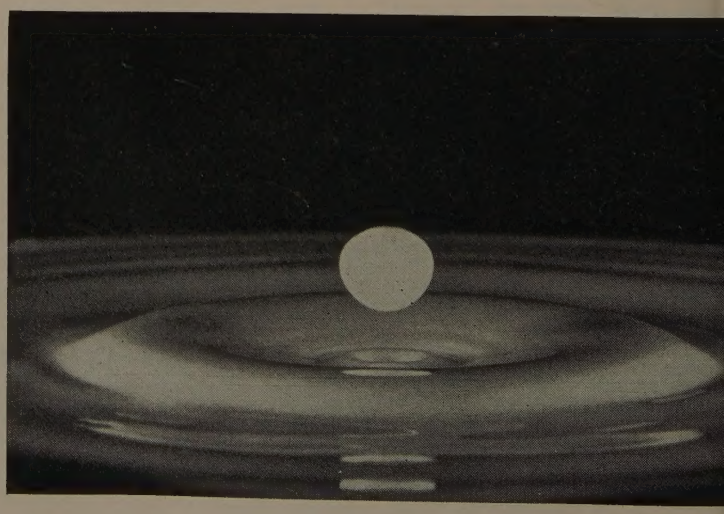
The life o

photos by Zdenek Pivecka



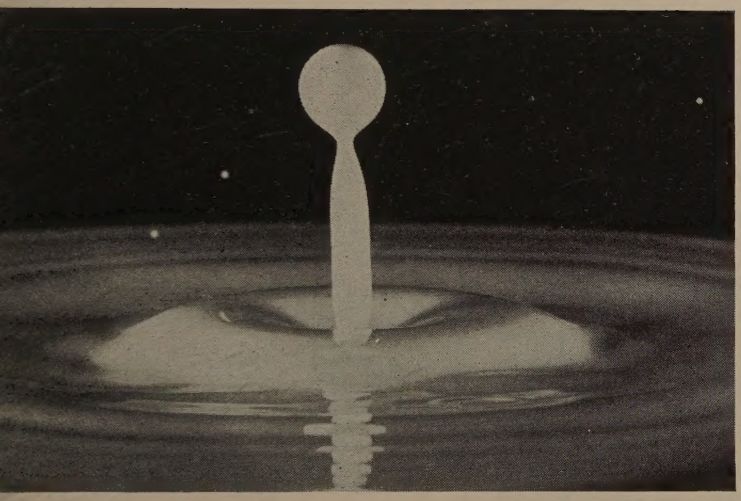


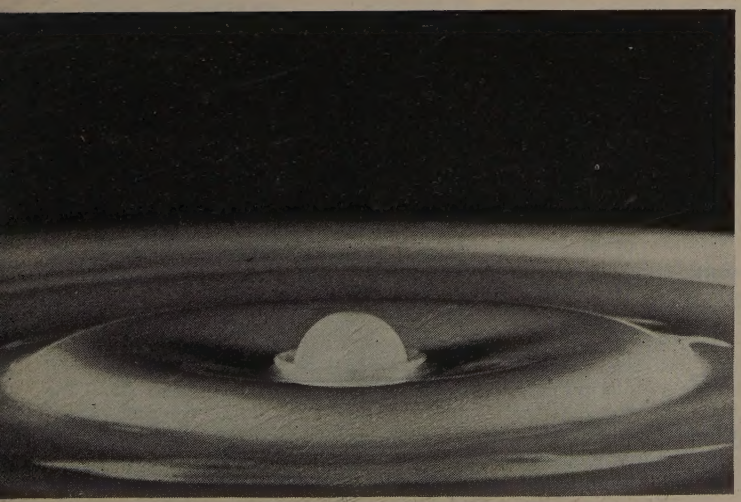


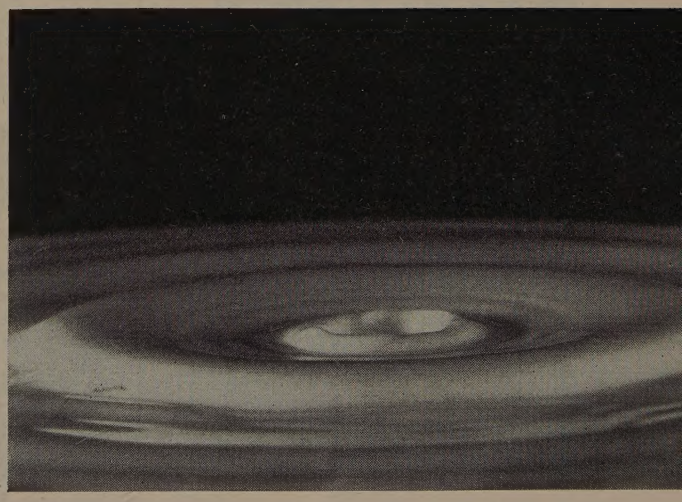


a droplet

The droplet that leaps up as the reciprocal of another that falls into a liquid lasts but a fraction of a second — time only to note that it looks like a collar button. This sequence of high-speed photos, however, has recorded the stages in its rise and fall. The photos were made at 1/10,000 second with a German Linhof view camera, using two electronic flashes. The droplet was caused by another falling into a bowl of milk (used for greater visibility) from an eyedropper three feet above. Each photo is of a separate droplet; 25 were made to obtain the sequence. The white spots in the photos are spattering milk. The sequence runs from the splash in the upper left corner on the opposite page thru left to right order in the rows below.







WHAT GOES ON HERE

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Mrs. Patterson, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Eartha Kitt has her first U.S. dramatic role in this "play with music," based on the ageless theme of traffic with the devil. Script by Charles Sebree & Greer Johnson; songs by James Shelton. Opens Oct. 12 for seven weeks. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker, Blackstone, 60 Balbo (CE 6-8240). Opens Oct. 25.

Picnic, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Ralph Meeker as a vagabond upsets the emotions of two Kansas town women, in William Inge's prize-winner. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Wonderful Town, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). Wonderful adaptation of "My Sister Eileen," which is distilled to its essence and reconstituted with verve and satire. Carol Channing, as Ruth Sherwood, still is good old Carol Channing. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Time Out for Ginger, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Closes Oct. 2. Nightly to close, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). Spectacular as ever in its second year. Nightly: Sun-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat.: Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

repertory companies

Playwrights Theater club, 1205 n. Dearborn (WH 3-2272). Thru Oct. 10, "Peer Gynt"; Oct. 12-31, "The Sea Gull." Nightly except Mon., 8:40.

Showcase theater, 1716 Central, Evanston (DA 8-7440). Oct. 5-17, "The Good Fairy"; Oct. 19-31, "The Family Upstairs." Nightly except Mon. Tue.-Thu., 8; Fri. & Sat., 8:30; Sun., 7:30.

MUSIC

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thu., 8:15 p.m.; Fri. & Tue., 2 p.m. **Oct.: 14** (Thu.) & **15** (Fri.), Fritz Reiner, cond.; "Leonore" Overture, No. 3, Beethoven; Symphony No. 3 in C minor, Saint-Saens; "Fountains of Rome," Respighi; "Daphnis and Chloe," Suite No. 2, Ravel. **21** (Thu.) & **22** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., Milton Preves, viola, soloist; Overture to "Il Signor Bruschino," Rossini; "Harold in Italy," Berlioz (Preves); Symphony No. 5, Prokofiev. **26** (Tue.), Reiner, cond.; Overture to "Il Signor Bruschino"; Symphony No. 95 in G major ("Surprise"), Haydn; "Fountains of Rome"; "Venusberg Music" from "Tannhauser" & Overture to "Rienzi," Wagner. **Sat. eve.** concerts: **16,** 8:30, George Schick, cond., **23,** 7:30, Reiner, cond. (NBC broadcast).

Allied Arts concerts, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed tickets are put on general sale three weeks before concerts. **Oct.: 17,** 3:30 p.m., Irmgard Seefried, soprano; **24,** 3:30 p.m., Alexander Uninsky, pianist; **30,** 8:30 p.m., Concertgebouw orchestra of Amsterdam, Rafael Kubelik, cond.; **31,** 3:30 p.m. Concertgebouw orchestra, Eduard Van Beinum, cond.

Giovanni Lonzollo, tenor, Kimball hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). Oct. 17, 3:30 p.m.

Anja Sinayeff, violinist, Kimball hall, Oct. 19, 8:20 p.m.

Audon Ravnan, pianist, Kimball hall, Oct. 26, 8:15 p.m.

jazz concerts

Jazz at the Philharmonic, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Oct. 3, 7:30 & 10 p.m. All-star jazz show.

Festival of American Jazz, Opera House, Oct. 23, 7 & 10 p.m. Stan Kenton's band.

Duke Ellington show, Opera House, Oct. 24, 7 & 10 p.m.

DANCE

London Festival ballet, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Oct. 25-31, 8:30 p.m.; mat. Sat. & Sun., 2:30 p.m. (Allied Arts perf. Oct. 31)

LECTURES

Natural History museum, Field dr. & Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-9410). Adult lecture and film series, Sats., 2:30 p.m., in Simpson theater. **Oct.: 2,** "American Indian Dances," Mr. and Mrs. Roger Ernesti (stage presentation); **9,** "Across Tropical Africa," Len Stuttman; **16,** "Guatemala," Adam Shaffer; **23,** "Road to Grandeur," Francis Line; **30,** "The Proposed 49th State — Hawaii," Fran Hall. Free.

World Travel Adventure forum, Kimball hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). Oct.

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10, "Tahiti," Earl Brink; Oct. 25, "Newfoundland," Dick Bird. 2:30 & 5 p.m.

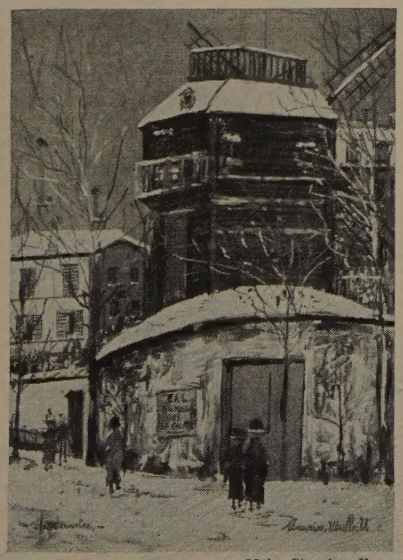
OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Freedom festival, Int'l Amphitheater, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Oct. 3, 2:30 & 8:30 p.m. Drama spectacle portraying the struggle of western civilization vs. communism. Professional cast includes Mia Slavenska & Edward G. Robinson. Sponsored by Catholic Youth organization.

Int'l Dairy show & rodeo, Int'l Amphitheater. Oct. 9-16. Aft. & eve. perfs.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **New exhibits:** Oct. 6, contemporary Chinese paintings by Ch'i Pai-Shih, Gallery H-9; Oct. 15, recent paintings by Mark Rothko, Gallery of Art Interpretation; Oct. 19, tapestries, 1500-1800, from the museum collection, Galley A-1; Oct. 21, 61st American exhibition: paintings & sculpture, East Wing Galleries. **Continuing:** thru Oct. 3, Chinese & Japanese paintings — outstanding works acquired in the last few years — Gallery H-9; thru Oct. 15, Japanese painting & sculpture, East Wing galleries; thru Nov. 1, photographs by Arthur Siegel, Gallery 5-B;



Main Street gallery

thru Jan. 3, loan exhibition of Peruvian pottery & metal work of ancient date, Gallery L-4. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Chicago Public library, Michigan & Randolph (CE 6-5821). Randolph st. corridor: exhibit of photos, etc. in observance of 60th anniversary of Chicago Federation of Settlements & Neighborhood Centers. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Art dept.: Industrial design by Henry P. Glass. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

The Lantern gallery, 741 Rush (SU 7-6054). Thru Oct. 15, oils by Louis Travis; Oct. 16 thru Nov. 6, oils, watercolors & pastels by Sanna Ree & Bob Napkin. Mon.-Sat., 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.

Main Street gallery, Main Street Book store, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Thru Oct. 11, Part I (sculpture & drawings) of exhibit of European works of 19th & 20th centuries; Part II (paintings) opens Oct. 20. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat., 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Mandel Bros. galleries, 1 n. State (ST 2-1500, ext. 892). Paintings by Eugene Bennett, Dorothy Stafford & H. Cliff Westerman. Weekdays, 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m.; Mon. & Thu. to 8:45 p.m.

Marshall Field galleries, 111 n. State (ST 2-1000, ext. 2213). Oct. 21, Oriental water colors by Madame K. C. Wu. Mon.-Sat., 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m.

Palmer House galleries, 119 s. State (FR 2-0790). Ceramics by midwest potters & sculptors & oils & water colors by Ann Roman. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Frank Ryan Furnishings, 1653 n. Wells (MI 2-5411). Oils by Jean Marken. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Wed., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Leonard Linn, 821 Chestnut, Winnetka (WI 6-3736) Lithographs & paintings in silk screen & other media by Ivan Chermayeff, John Wood & Michael Train. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). Oct. show: Steering by the Stars. Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 & 3:30 p.m. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri., to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

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Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). One of the country's finest collections of historical items, with Lincoln & pioneer exhibits particularly outstanding. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open every clear Fri., 7:30 to 9 p.m.

George F. Harding museum, 4853 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Specializes in medieval armor, arms & art. Daily, 1 to 5

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p.m., except Mon. & Sat. Free.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Lake Park (Mu 4-1414). Science & industry are shown in close relationship in numerous demonstration exhibits. Free, except coal mine, nickelodeon, micro-world. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat., to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., to 7 p.m.

Natural History museum, Field dr. & Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-9140). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany & zoology. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental Institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Cultural objects from ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Sat., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

SPORTS

pro football

Bears, Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (DE 2-5400). Oct. 10, Baltimore; Oct. 17, San Francisco. Game time, 1:05 p.m.

Cardinals, Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 2-9334). Oct. 3, Philadelphia; Oct. 24, Cleveland; Oct. 31, Pittsburgh. 1:05 p.m.

college football

Northwestern, Dyche stadium, Central st., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Oct. 2, Southern Cal.; Oct. 16, U. of Michigan; Oct. 30, Ohio State (homecoming). 1:30 p.m.

Notre Dame, U. of Notre Dame stadium, South Bend, Ind. (3-7111). Oct. 2, Purdue; Oct. 16, Michigan State (sold out). 1:30 p.m.

harness racing

Fox Valley, Maywood park, North & 5th, Melrose Park (ST 2-0555). Thru Oct. 30. Nightly except Sun., 8:40.

thorobred racing

Hawthorne, 35th & Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1350). Thru Oct. 16. Post time Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m.; Sat., 1:30 p.m.

Sportsman's park, 33rd & Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). Opens Oct. 18.

GUIDE FOR SIDEWALK SUPERINTENDENTS

By no means the least attraction of urban living is the opportunity it affords for the practice of the ancient & honorable art of amateur civil engineering. Here are some centrally located sites where major construction projects are currently under way:

Eleanor club. A career girls' dormitory

in the initial stages of construction at the southwest corner of Dearborn & North. Chicken wire fence allows an unobstructed view of proceedings in the excavation. Lincoln park is adjacent to the site & a good panorama can be obtained from a bench diagonally acoss the intersection.

DeWitt & Chestnut. Pile driving has been going on here in preparation for erection of a skyscraper apartment building.

Morton Medical Research building of Northwestern university. Basic skeleton work is being completed on this eight-story structure at the northeast corner of Superior & Fairbanks. Smooth lawn & shade trees across Superior provide a fine vantage point.

Randolph & Michigan. To the north, the 40-story Prudential building; to the south, the three-block-long garage being completed by the park district. Structural steel work is about two-thirds finished on the Prudential building. The busy scene at ground level can be glimpsed thru screened holes in the board fence on Randolph just east of Michigan. A different view can be obtained on the lower level of Michigan at Lake or South Water. From here are visible the rear of the building & the two-level street being looped around its north and east sides. Final work on the Grant park garage & subsequent restoration of the park may be seen thru holes cut in the fence along Michigan between Randolph & Monroe. A good spot for an over-all view of both projects is the reading room on the fourth floor of the library.

City Parking Garage No. 10. Excavation has just begun for this building at the northeast corner of Grand & St. Clair. Surrounding sidewalks and alley have been fenced off, putting watching space at a premium.

Monroe & Wacker. Another two-project spot. To the north: City Parking Garage No. 2, a sprawling block-square structure on the river bank. From the lower level of Wacker drive one can watch the unusual procedure by which soft concrete is pumped thru hose to the points where it is to be poured. To the south: The manner in which a two-level street takes shape is gaphically illustrated by the present stage of this section in the southward extension of Wacker.

Congress & Franklin. First work is under way on the Wells st. plaza, the huge traffic interchange which will connect Wacker & the Congress st. expressway. A block west twin bridges are being built to carry the expressway across the river.

City Parking Garage No. 1. Skeletal work is well along on what will be a handsome, 14-level structure at the southwest corner of State & Wacker. The proceedings can be watched best from the promenade on the river side of Wacker.

City Parking Garage No. 9. An excellent overhead view of this ramp-type auto storage building on the north bank of the river can be obtained from the west side of the La Salle st. bridge.

FOR THE CHILDREN

museums

Chicago Historical society. North & Clark (MI 2-4600). Correlating its fall program for school children with the social science curriculum, the museum offers two series of half-hour slide talks followed by a feature film, on American and Chicago history. **1) Museum Mornings,** Saturdays at 10 a.m. Subject **Oct. 2, 9, 16** & **23:** "Indians & Pioneers," with film "La Salle," plus a color cartoon.

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2) Week Day Assemblies, Wednesdays at 10 a.m., to which teachers may bring classes. Subject **Oct. 6** & **13:** "Discovery & Exploration," with color film "Story of Christopher Columbus"; **Oct. 20** & **27,** "Early Chicago," with film "La Salle." (Children who attend Oct. 20

or 27 will receive a Chicago scrapbook; fact sheets covering material in the lectures are furnished at every program.) Free. Advance reservations necessary for classes.

Natural History museum, Field dr. & Roosevel rd. (WA 2-9410). One-hour programs for children, Saturdays at 10:30 a.m. in the Simpson theater. **Oct. 2:** Stage presentation of American Indian dances in full costume, by Mr. & Mrs. Roger Ernesti, with native songs, tom-tom accompaniment and interpretation of dances. **Oct. 9:** "Across Tropical Africa," a film and lecture. **Oct. 16:** "The Romance of Transportation," an animated cartoon story. **Oct. 23:** "Undersea Life," a movie, plus a cartoon. **Oct. 30:** "Monsters in Miniature," a film and lecture about the insect world. Free.

music

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). The two sets of **Young People's concerts** scheduled for this season are based on fun and entertainment as well as education. Each of the concerts, which are directed by George Schick, will have a theme illustrated by a featured work, with narration by George Kuyper. Guest soloist at each program will be one of this year's winners of the orchestra's annual auditions for young people. Concerts are given on Tuesdays at 3 p.m. Theme for the opening performance of each series, **Oct. 19** & **Nov. 2,** is "Story of the Orchestra," with Geoge Kleinsinger's "Pan the Piper" as the illustrated feature. Fifteen-year-old guest soloist, pianist David Pope, will play "Capriccio Brilliante" by Mendelssohn. Subscriptions for six monthly concerts are $3.50, $2 & $1.50.

theater

Goodman Memorial theater, Monroe st. & Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). Oct. 23 thru Dec. 19, "Heidi." Week-end performances, Saturdays, 2:30 p.m.; Sundays, 3 p.m. Tickets should be ordered well in advance.

Children's Theater of Evanston, Nichols school, Greenleaf & Elmwood (UN 4-3734). Oct. 16 & 23, 10 a.m. & 2:30 p.m., "Peter Rabbit," a dramatization of Beatrix Potter's story. For pre-school and primary grade children, performed by 6th, 7th & 8h graders in Evanston schools. Single admission, 60c, season subscription of three plays, $1.50. Address mail orders to Children's theater, School of Speech, Northwestern university, Evanston.

NIGHT LIFE

Balinese Room, Blackstone hotel, 636 s. Michigan (HA 7-4300). All the more pleasant for the music of the Hal Otis & George Metz trios. Noon to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m. Dancing from 9:30. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $2.75-$4.

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Buddy Baer, boxer turned singer, heads the entertainers until Oct. 12. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m. Shows from 9:30. Lunch $.95-$2.60; dinner $2.95-$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). The Duke of Iron, front-rank calypso singer, bows Oct. 8. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows 9:30 p.m., midnight, 2 a.m. Dinner $1.75-$3.75. $2.50 min.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). Flashing Margie Lee heads "Skating Stars," the

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MAHALIA JACKSON
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MY THREE-YEAR FIGHT WITH THE ENGLISH CHANNEL
by Glen Burlingame
NIGHT LIFE AT LYTTON'S
a picture story
CASE HISTORY OF A DELINQUENT BOY
On news-stands the last Thursday in October

current ice revue. Open from 6:30 p.m. Shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun., 4 p.m. $2 cover. Dinner from $3.25.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Lush rendezvous with dancing to Ralph Rodgers' Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m. Dancing after 9 p.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3 min.

Cairo, 4015 Sheridan (BU 1-9853). Hal Iverson whips thru his bag of antics with undiminished zeal. Dancing Mon. & Tue. 3 p.m. to 4 a.m., Sat. to 5 a.m. Dinner $1.85-$4.25. Sat., $2 min.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan. French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music for dancing in a Dorothy Draper setting. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $5-$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Entertainment & elbow rubbing by the who's who of show business. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows, 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2:15 a.m. Dinner $3.50-$4.75; $5.50 special includes cover & minimum, 7-course dinner, after-dinner liqueur, show & dancing.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining western style, with music by Frank York, his orchestra & violin. Noon to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.95; dinner $4.50-$6.75.

Empire room, Palmer House, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Helen Gallagher sings thru Oct. 20. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. Shows 8:30 & midnight. Lunch from $2; dinner from $4.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir & his "Glass Hatters" play toe-tapping or tender tunes for dancing. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $3.50.

The Glass House, Graemere hotel, 3400 w. Washington (VA 6-7600). Appealing to palate, purse & pleasure. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m., Sat. to 3 a.m. Dancing to Rudy Austin's music after 8:30, except Sun. & Mon. Lunch $.90-$1.50; dinner $1.85-$3.

Marine Dining Room, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5349 n. Sheridan (LO 1-6000). Shows, food, service all good. Open to 2 a.m. Shows 8:30 & 11 p.m., Sat., 8:30 & 11:30 p.m. Lunch $1.25-$3.50; dinner $3.25-$5.75.

The Opera Club, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Ceaseless entertainment by comic-pianist Aaron Leifer & singing waiters. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Dinner $1.75-$3.75.

The Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Celebrity hang-out of elegance, with David Le Winter's orchestra. Noon to 2 a.m.

Lee Balterman Photo

Flaming sword dinner, $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3.50 min.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 w. Randloph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra & violin against an Alpine background. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $3.50-$6.

jazz

Beehive lounge, 1053 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). Cool cats come here to pick up on the latest sounds. Sonny Stitt on tenor sax leads the house band. Bert Dale, Swedish import, plays drums; Norman Simmons, piano & Victor Broz, bass. Jam sessions Mon. 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.; no music Tue. & Wed. No cover or minimum.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Thru Oct. 10 the Duke of Ellington will be abetted by 16 who play in the traditional Ellington style. Be prepared to hear Billy Stryhorn's opus written especially for the house: "Rock Skipping at the Blue Note." Food is served, ranging from $1.50 to $3. $3 minimum. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. Sun. mat., 5 to

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7 p.m., features sodas for teen-agers. Closed Mon. & Tue.

Jazz, Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). In this severe haunt designed by Emmerson Woelfert & Hugo Wever, Dixieland is supreme. Owner Bill Reinhardt plays the clarinet with every new group. Present one is headed by Miff Mole, trombone, with Marty Marsala, trumpet; Doc Cenardo, drums & Mel Grant, piano. Mondays feature Art Hodes on the piano leading Wally Gordon on drums, Jimmy Greanato on clarinet & Russ Philips on trombone. $2 minimum. Unescorted women not admitted. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Sun.

Chicagos newest musical comedy sweetheart, Helen Gallagher, star of "On the Town," and "Finian's Rainbow" in Chicago this summer, continues her reign in a new show at the Empire Room of the Palmer House, with the comedy of the Goofers, magician Del Ray, the dancing Empire Eight, and Charlie Fisk and his orchestra.

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Empire ROOM
PALMER HOUSE

Streamliner, 540 Madison (AN 3-6436). Bebop is spoken here by two charmers, Roy Kral & Jackie Cain, who fled the protection of Charlie Ventura's band to further their contributions to bop sound. Also Eddie South, with violin & trio. Tue.-Fri., 9:30 p.m. to 4 a.m.; Sat., 9 p.m. to 5 a.m.; no music Sun. & Mon. $2.50 minimum.

DINING OUT

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). For hearty appetities: corned beef & cabbage, Thuringer sausage, other German dishes. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; closed Sun. Lunch $1-$2.50; dinner $1.75-$4.

A Bit of Sweden, 1015 Rush (DE 7-1492). Bountiful smorgasbord in a bright little room lined with copper pots. 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., 5 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 9 p.m. Lunch $1-$1.75; dinner $2.45-$3.40.

Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). Bohemian dishes with fresh game in season. 11 a.m. to midnight, closed Sun. & holidays. Lunch $1.35-$1.65; dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Cafe de Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn (WH 4-5620). Delectable French fare in a gay Gallic setting. Open from 4 p.m. Dinner $4-$6.

Cape Cod Room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-7200). Possibly the finest sea food in town. Noon to midnight. A la carte service.

Continental Gourmet restaurant, 1508 e. 57th (PL 2-9355). A new restaurant in the U. of Chicago area. Menu is limited to half a dozen entrees, with a new nationality dish every night. 4:30 to 10:30 p.m.; closed Mon. $1.75-$2.50.

Grecian Terrace, 55 w. Washington (RA 6-0637). A good Loop restaurant where there's plenty of room at lunch time. Greek specialties include avgolemeno soup, taramosalata (fish roe) & assorted kebabs & pelafes. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from $1.15; dinner from $2.25.

Grand & Noble. A bit of Long Island at the southwest corner of the intersection, open from May to December. Fresh clams & oysters shipped from the east coast are opened on the spot. Also, barbecued Italian specialties such as lambs' heads and stigoli, an amalgum of lamb giblets. Open to 2 a.m., week-ends to 3 a.m.

Henrici's, 71 w. Randolph (DE 2-1800). Popular since 1868 for good food and generous portions. 8 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $2.50-$5.

Hoe Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph (AN 3-6474). Chinatown in the Loop. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m., Sat. to 3 a.m. Lunch $.75-$2; dinner $1.55-$4.

Kungsholm, 100 e. Ontario (WH 4-2700). Smorgasbord is a ritual here. Reservations are required for the extraordinary puppet opera in the miniature theater. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Lunch $2-$3.50; dinner $3.50-$6.

Jacques', 900 n. Michigan (DE 7-9040). Continental foods & choice wines in a light-hearted French atmosphere. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Lunch from $1.70-$2.60; dinner $3.80-$6.

Ricketts, 103 e. Chicago (WH 4-9500). A well-attended spot, open 24 hours. Lunch $.75-$1.25; dinner $1.65-$3.

Rib Room, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5349 Sheridan (LO 1-6000). The best in beef any way you like it. Men only, noon to 2:30 p.m.; women welcome 2:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. Prime ribs $3.95.

Younker's, 51 e. Chicago (WH 4-0369). An agreeable Near North Side landmark. Daily, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., Sat., 2 a.m. Lunch from $.60; dinner from $1.10.

way out

Allgauer's, 6666 Ridge (BR 4-6666). Wide selection of excellent dishes, including wild game in season. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.45-$1.90; dinner $2.45-$2.95.

Colonial Homestead, 9101 Waukegan rd., Morton Grove (OR 3-3780). Good food in a friendly, relaxing atmosphere. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1-$2.50; dinner $2.50-$4.50, mainly a la carte.

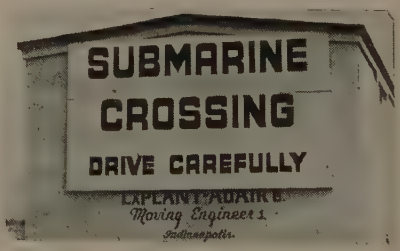
Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5-8686). Spaghetti, salad dressing, other dishes all live up to their widespread fame. 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun., noon to 10 p.m. Dinner $1.75-$4.75.

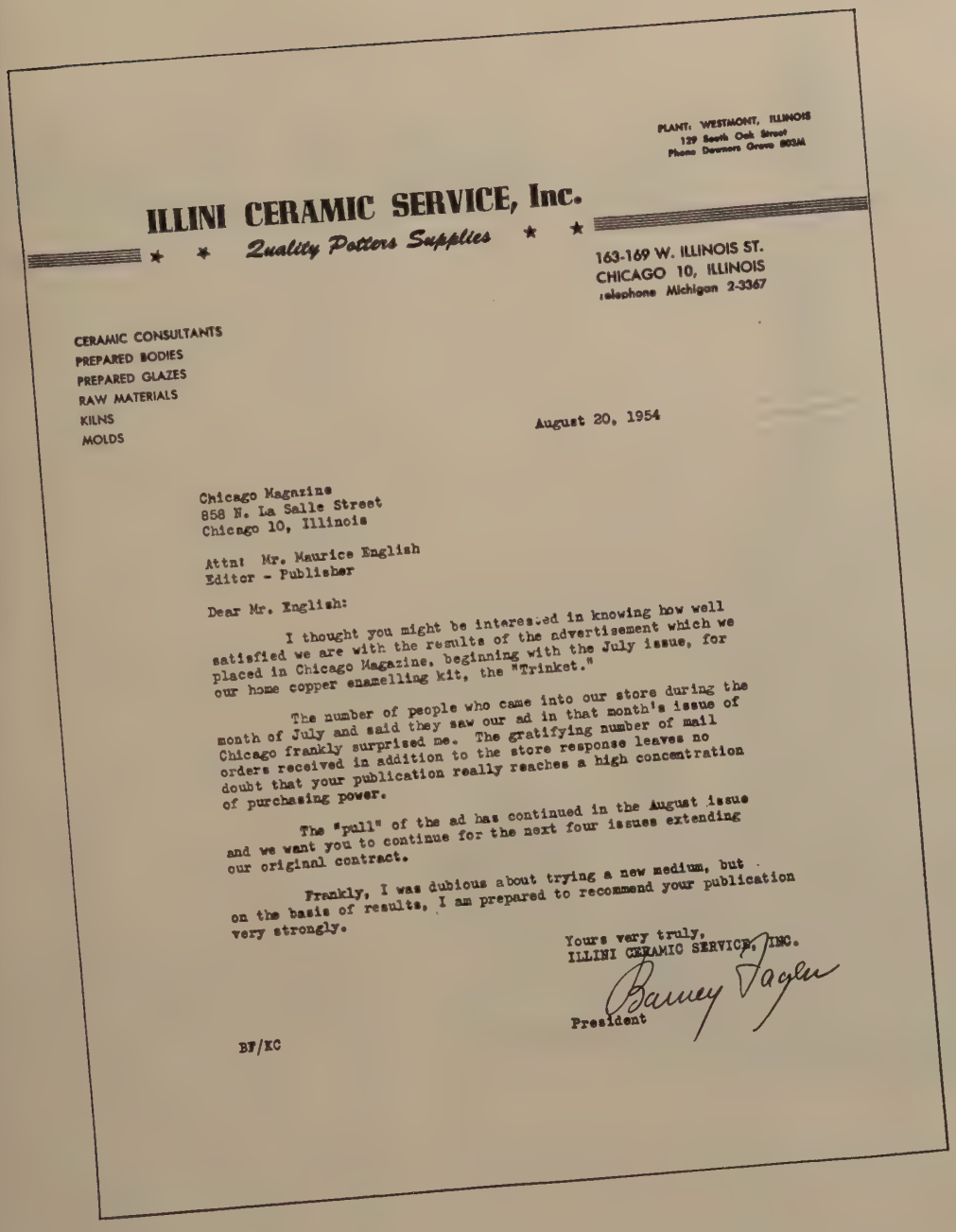
Hank's, Rt. 41 & 120, Waukegan (DE 6-0515). A better-than-average roadside dining place, with music nightly, dancing Sat., 9 a.m. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1-$1.50; dinner $2.25-$5.25.

Honey Bear Farm, Genoa City, Wis. Hearty meals featuring fresh produce. Special dressings and sauces to take home.

Milk Pail, e. River rd. near East Dundee (Elgin 5112 or 5113). Favorite stop for countryside explorers & lovers of fish, fowl & game. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sun., 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; closed Mon. Lunch $1.40-$2.25; dinner $2.30-$4.75.

Mathon's, 6 Clayton st. at the lake front, Waukegan (ON 2-3610). Lake trout & other fresh fish brought in daily by boats. Also seafoods, steaks, chops, chicken. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.25-$2; dinner $2-$4.50.





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August 20, 1954

Chicago Magazine
858 N. La Salle Street
Chicago 10, Illinois

Attn: Mr. Maurice English
Editor - Publisher

Dear Mr. English:

I thought you might be interested in knowing how well satisfied we are with the results of the advertisement which we placed in Chicago Magazine, beginning with the July issue, for our home copper enamelling kit, the "Trinket."

The number of people who came into our store during the month of July and said they saw our ad in that month's issue of Chicago frankly surprised me. The gratifying number of mail orders received in addition to the store response leaves no doubt that your publication really reaches a high concentration of purchasing power.

The "pull" of the ad has continued in the August issue and we want you to continue for the next four issues extending our original contract.

Frankly, I was dubious about trying a new medium, but on the basis of results, I am prepared to recommend your publication very strongly.

Yours very truly,
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West of the Water Tower

illustrated by Carl Schranz

Scrabble without Words

An offshoot of Scrabble that will probably reach its full flowering in some placid utopian society of the future has been devised and marketed in this imperfect world by a local housewife.

Like Scrabble it is played with a ruled board, grooved racks and little square tiles. Unlike Scrabble, it can be played by almost anyone in the civilized world regardless of the language he speaks or the quality of his vocabulary. In addition to bridging social and national barriers, it tends to promote greater harmony among individuals, for under its rules there can be no arguing about the acceptability of words. In fact, there can't even be any words. Instead of letters, "Equality" is played with numbers one thru twelve, and with addition, subtraction, multiplication and division signs and the symbol for "equals."

Instead of words, an Equality player crisscrosses the board with equations, either adding to those already existing or making new ones perpendicular to them. Certain squares on the board have double or triple value, as in Scrabble, and some of the tiles also bring premium scores.

Equality, which is normally played by two to four persons but can be a solitaire game, need not be socially egalitarian. There is a variation for small children which leaves out the numbers above six and the processes of multiplication and division.

Then there is Advanced Equality for atomic scientists, bookmakers, corsetieres and others especially facile with figures. This kind allows the use of fractional quantities and otherwise complicates the rules.

The game and all its variations were

invented by Mrs. Florence Noonan, a chipper lady of mature years who, altho once a free-lance writer, has long maintained that the language of mathematics is unfairly subordinated to that of letters. Mrs. Noonan has financed the production and wholesale distribution of her game, which is manufactured by the Commercial Specialties company in Franklin Park.

"People tell me I ought to make up a good story about how I happened to invent Equality," Mrs. Noonan said recently. "But the truth is that I'd been playing Scrabble with some young people. They had small vocabularies and didn't know how to spell anything. I figured there should be a better game, one that more people could play. I'd always been interested in mathematics — I'd done some tutoring in it — so I decided to make up a game with numbers instead of letters.

"My husband and I played it for about a month, ironing out the snags. Then we started to play with friends. They encouraged me to put it on the market.

"Sales are going pretty well. We aren't well enough heeled to advertise much, but I've been on TV with it several times. We have high hopes for the fall. If it just builds up gradually I'll be content. It's being sold now in Chicago and Milwaukee and out in Iowa and in odd spots around the country — Long Island, San Francisco, South Carolina and Las Vegas."

Equality's mother was born in Berwyn, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur MacNeal, who founded MacNeal Memorial hospital there. She took a degree in business administration at the University of Chicago, studied journalism for a year at Columbia, and for some time headed a group of real estate offices in the western suburbs. She traveled around the world during the mid-Twenties, then married an Englishman, Guy Noonan. They lived in his native land for four years, during which time they published a number of articles and short stories.

In 1933 the Noonans moved here, rearing their children in Western Springs and later in Palos Park. Son John is a regular navy officer who took part in the Inchon landings in Korea; daughter Ann is a housewife. The Noonans have lived on the Near North Side since their charges reached adulthood.

Noonan, a former member of the British merchant marine, now follows the highly specialized profession of a marine surveyor. This means not that he peers at Lake Michigan thru a transit, but that he appraises the value of ships, especially damaged ones, for insurance companies and other interested parties.

It Is Written . . .

On a big sign in front of the Conoco station at the southeast corner of Ogden and Lake: "Fill up. Last chance before crossing Lake street."

Mosaic

Two little shoeshine boys play a variation of skipping rope. The larger one twirls a slack chain placed across a private alley to prevent parking. His pal jumps it gleefully without dislodging a white chicken feather held firmly atop his head by tight black curls.

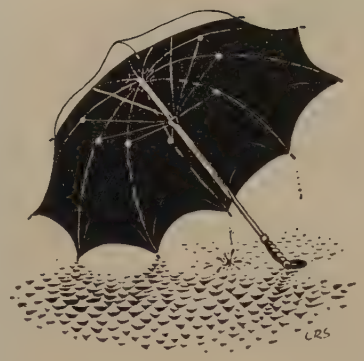
Mighty Wheat Germ Has Struck Out

An incident heretofore left unpublished in the vain hope that its effect could be minimized may have cost the White Sox the American league pennant.

Several key members of the team became health-food addicts early in the season and adopted the custom of having a clubhouse attendant mix them malted milks with wheat germ each day on their arrival at the ball park. Toward the end of June, the boy who had been preparing these potions fell ill and was replaced by another lad. It soon became clear that the value of the wheat germ had been psychological rather than physiological.

Convinced that they had lost a good luck charm when the first kid fell sick, the superstitious athletes got jittery. They were only a game out of first place at the time of the incident, but quickly lost two in a row to Detroit and then were blanked in a four-game series by Cleveland. They fought back later but were never able to make up the ground lost in the period of terror that may go down in rounders annals as the Dietetic Debacle of 1954.

High Finance at Street Level



The bulls and bears have come down to earth, but untypically embraced high fashion at the new outpost of Hornblower and Weeks at 28 south Michigan.

No junior edition of a LaSalle street stock market office here, with its high stools, distrustful grates and fuzzy clerks. H. & W. on Michigan avenue has put forth effort to please the visitor. Ceiling-to-floor drapes of robin's egg blue frame the front window. Planter boxes line the receptionist's area. Indirect lighting glazes the pastel walls. There are no tan smocks in evidence; every man in the office is business-suited. And, last and most significant, there is nowhere to be seen any of the breed of perpetual stock brokerage office hangers-on who, slouched down in a barrel chair with index fingers under nose and hat on top of it, seem as much a fixture as the cuspidor.

"We have made every effort to have the physical appearance of the place serve the general purpose, which is to attract people in off the street and make them comfortable while here," says H. W. Smith, partner in the firm. Spare, keen and garbed in dark blue suit, blue-figured bow tie, blue socks and black shoes, he looked the essence of the investment broker. Returning a phone to its cradle — "We are, of course, alert to serving our customers and possible new ones who come in person, but the great majority of my work is still done on the phone — clients calling in to check on current quotations for their stocks and checking on the advisability of new purchases or sales."

Beyond the small entry foyer, the entire south wall is composed of the electric board, listing all the stocks carried by the New York Stock Exchange. Five slots under each name show the *open*, *close*, *high*, *low* and *latest* prices. A change in a quotation is accompanied by a cicada-like whir as numbers or discs, remotely controlled, are spun inside to alight on the proper figure.

Extending up in two tiers to the north wall are the glassed-in desk spaces of the brokers. The desk-tops are buried under folders, mail, note pads and telephones. At a given instant eight men are picking up phones and eight laying them down. Scraps of urgent information are continually being passed over the glass partitions to a neighbor. One of the brokers takes a phone from his mouth and calls out, "What's American Smelting?" "Blspt-krnft," comes the far-off answer. The information is relayed into the phone.

Beyond the main room and extending to the rear of the H. & W. office space are conference, research and statistics facilities.

Boss of the operation, and managing partner of the four H. & W. offices in Illinois (Chicago's two, Peoria, Rockford) is Howard Buhse, 47, with headquarters at the company office at 134 south La Salle. Gray-thatched and emanating an in-control-of-the-situation aura, he enthuses about the Michigan avenue experiment.

"We had wanted for a long time to make our operations more accessible to the man in the street. General conditions for the past year and more have been those of greater confidence, and this has been reflected in the stock market. More people are becoming interested in financial affairs, so it follows that we should make it easier for them to express that interest, namely, with ground floor 'shopping' facilities instead of those of an office building.

"Results have been happy. Personnel-wise, our Michigan avenue staff, which was set up on an entirely volunteer basis, is enthusiastic. Concerning business, we have drawn some substantial walk-in accounts. The comment of one of them represents, we believe, the feeling of many: 'Glad to give you this account because of your nerve in coming here.' "

A different broker is assigned each day to handle walk-ins. All are directed to him by the receptionist on his day of duty, and he retains their accounts on a permanent basis.

The receptionist, efficient and as busy as a fly on a windshield, is Carolyn Johnson. Her reactions to the subject of walk-ins are mixed.

"Most just come in, say that they'd like to buy or sell, and I send them to the broker for the day. Then there's the kind who make like they spend winters on Wall, summers on La Salle. A lot of them smoke cigars, and they come in with their hands in their pockets and say 'How's the market?' or 'Selling strong?' or 'How's it, short?'

"Everybody knows Telephone and U.S. Steel, and for a lot of them it's the only stocks they know enough to talk about, so I'm AT&T and U.S. Steel up to my ears."

Carolyn acknowledges the pleasant environment and the novelty of the thing, but she also nurses a minor misgiving or two. "The surroundings are swell," she says, "and you get to see a lot of celebrities, but I don't know, I'm used to La Salle street. Doesn't this strike you as more the lingerie-type of business office?"

Publicity Hound

A fellow around town claims it has been one of his lifetime ambitions to make the headlines in the telephone directory. He means he wants his name to fall at the turn of a page so it will be reproduced at the top in large, bold type. He would be chagrined, indeed, if his name were Borgman. It runs from page 193 to 194 of the current gray-book, but is misspelled "Bogman" at the top of 194.

The Good Works of Brother Comic Wallace

In a neighborhood of broken buildings and Mies Van Der Rohe architecture, the geometric structures of the Illinois Institute of Technology stand coruscating in the sun, the sun gleaming too on the smashed fragments of whisky-bottle glass along the cracking sidewalks. Behind the torn-out interior of a gutted brick shell, some Negro men warm themselves around a trash fire. A junk-wagon horse takes water from an ancient Humane Society trough at the curb; and from the New York Central tracks to the west a diesel engine strokes the morning with a low turbinal roar.

Across the devastated vacant lot where the rotting auto seat spills its entrails among the tin-cans and ashes, the Sunday-dressed Negro children run in the sunlight, coming out onto the street where they cut across to the west sidewalk. Standing there between two empty lots is a frail, beaten-looking frame structure, the brow of its second-story facade furrowed with loose and warping timbers. This is the Grace Gospel Mission, a nondenominational church, at 3138 south State street.

Inside, in the dim light, sits Brother Comic Wallace among the children. At the head of the room a teen-age girl is conducting a group recitation from a blackboard with the assembled youngsters. Brother Wallace, a gray-haired man of 70, recites along with the children in a low gentle voice, the long fingers of his hands folded humbly in his lap. Then they sing together to the strident accompaniment of a battered upright at the front, singing the old hymns; the voices of the children shy and clear, the voice of the elderly man shy and husky in the gloom among the scarred benches and oilcloth decorated walls.

This is the beginning of the Sunday services of Brother Wallace's mission church for children. The church was founded by the reverend in 1943, and he has worked with very little aid to develop it as a spiritual refuge for the children of this slum neighborhood.

"From this here old tumble-down shack where I started, it was impressed upon me that there was something you could do to get to the child," he says. "Some of their homes is so hard. It seemed if there was some elevated language to inspire the children to a better life, to get a vision of heaven before them, then you could do something for their lives."

Brother Wallace supports this vision by his regular job as a maintenance man in the circulation department of the *Tribune*. "I don't believe in being a beggar for the Lord's work," he says, a luminous smile playing about the lined features of his face. "I started here with prayers and faith and that is what has kept us going mostly."

The reverend is purchasing the mission building, and he still owes $2,000 on it. Income from Sunday school collections averages around

$1.50 to $2 weekly. He is paying off the mortgage at the rate of $50 a month, supplementing the church's income with his own money. "A man don't want to live to himself," he explains with a smile. "He wants to be a help."

Leading the way up a narrow sagging stairway to the second floor, the reverend opened the door to a series of rooms in a former railroad flat. The interior was warm from a glowing coal stove in the center of what had been the dining room. Brother Wallace paused to stoke the fire, scooping a few pieces of coal from a bushel basket on the faded linoleum floor. Light came in from two long windows in the room, one of which was hung with a clean piece of chiffon. On the other window was a shade that had been torn and stitched together again.

From a room in the front came the sound of children's voices. Presently a little fellow in long corduroy trousers wandered into the back rooms. Following him, a teen-age white girl came out, took him by the hand and led him back to the front. The girl smiled appreciatively at the reverend; and then a white youth with a crew haircut, wearing a parka jacket, looked out of the front room and said hello.

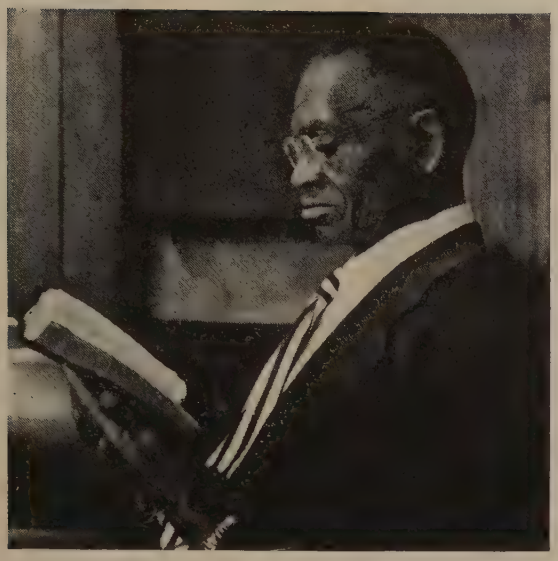
Brother Wallace seated himself on a bench along the wall. He leaned forward tensely, stretching his legs out before him. "These young people are from Wheaton college," he explained. "They help me with the teaching in the Bible classes. It was like this: when I started here I started with five children. Then I got to 20. Finally I got to 50 children and I appealed for help among inter-denominational churches.

"Me and another man with the name of Washington got down on our knees here and prayed it over and ask the Lord to give us some teachers and help." The reverend clasped his hands between his knees and worked his fingers together strenuously while he talked. "Well, four young men from Wheaton college came by and ask about the children and ask about to help. So I say, 'Young men, we don't want anybody smoking or chewing here; we want to make a good impression on the children.' So they came, four young men, and now we got 16 students, boys and girls, on and off from the college who come by to help with the teaching.

"It is a joy for me to see workers from this place going out to mission work and know they started here in this old tumble-down shack. For these young boys and girls get a wonderful joy and inspiration from working around here."

The reverend stood up and went to the window and looked out onto the vacant lot next door. Some trash was littered at the rear of it and his gaze seemed to linger upon it. He fingered his chin reflectively, then swallowed before he spoke. "But the gist of it is to see how a thing like this work can develop just like a seed in the corn, first a few ears of corn and then they grow into a lot of grain."

To the north, past his vision, stood the towers of the Loop rising over the shacks, the hovels and the railroad yards of the Near South Side. But amidst that ruck, a new city was slowly evolving with the first sporadic efforts toward a new urban life already emerg-



ing in the Dearborn housing project at 30th street and State, in the construction of the new Harold L. Ickes homes going up at 25th and State. The reverend couldn't see them from the window. But he knew they were there. He turned from the window and spoke with husky conviction.

"I believe with this slum clearance that's going on, the best way to help it along is to clear up and clean the children in the spirit of the Lord, and then you've got the good beginnings for the good city."

Somewhere in the sky to the east, a jet plane tore thru the heavens and the sound was suddenly vivid and living in the room. "It is a remarkable age of the Lord," he said. "My mother she named me *Comet* for it was the year of 18 and 83 that I was born, the year of the big star comet. My mother she was working for the people that had my grandmother in slavery in Clarksville, Arkansas, and they told her about the star, about the comet. But she didn't know how to spell. So the way that it developed they spell it *Commick*."

He cocked his head and put his long narrow hand along his cheek in a confiding gesture. "That's how it was, you see. Then when I went to school in Clarksville, the teacher, he told how it was the wrong spelling. So we docked off one of the *m's* and the *k* and so it was that I became *Comic* Wallace. But it was for the comet, the great star, that I was named."

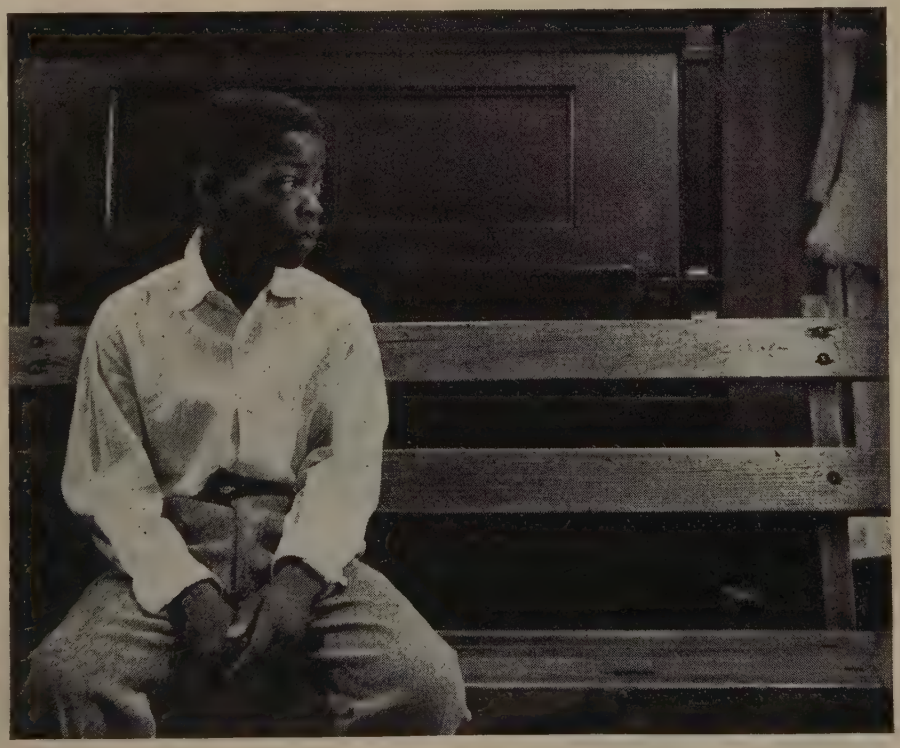
The Sunday school classes were breaking up in the front and the children began to come out quickly thru the room, eager, it seemed, to be outside on such a fine day. The reverend watched them paternally but made no move to hinder them other than to say "Hello, Frankie" to a little boy. Frankie said "Hi!" and kept on going with his friends.

Downstairs at the front door, the reverend waited to say good-by to the students from Wheaton college. The boys and girls who had been holding the classes thanked him for the opportunity to be of service. Brother Wallace thanked them in turn, with little gracious bows.

The reverend's visitor gave a small offering to him, and Brother Wallace glanced down at the money in his hand, a slow smile of recognition spreading over his face. "It seems like the Lord surely do provide," he whispered, his brown eyes glistening as he spoke. "That's just the amount I spent this morning for coal for the stoves." Now he laughed triumphantly. "The Lord surely do provide! Amen, He do!"

On the sidewalk the voices of the departing children were already growing thin amidst the intrusive sounds of the city. Some of them cut thru the vacant lot across the street and then they were gone and you couldn't hear them anymore. The clattering roar of a Howard street elevated train filled the neighborhood; and when it had passed, it became so quiet you could hear the distant sound of a barking dog.

photos by William Miller



City folk make up half the audience of a rural program that dates fro

THE NATIONAL BARN

by Bernard L. Asbel

Every Saturday night the corner of Eighth street and Wabash avenue, in spite of train and factory soot, becomes the village square and social center to a farm area that sweeps across the fruit orchards of Michigan, the corn and wheat fields of Indiana and Illinois, the undulant grazing lands of Iowa and the dairy farms of Wisconsin.

Competition for parking space is heavy. Age range of the gathering folk is broad, three generations often unloading from a single car. Shadings of local dialect are many. But the purpose is common: to have an old-fashioned whopping good time at the National Barn Dance, frolic to the merry songs, fret to the maudlin ballads, howl barefoot laughs at the barefaced humor and clap hands loud enough to drown the clank of the cowbells.

While the Barn Dance is a radio broadcast — one of America's oldest, in fact — you don't find little piles of free tickets at the local visitor's bureaus. You get them at the box office — for money. Or, to be safe, you order by mail well in advance. Twelve hundred people are seated in the Eighth Street theater by 7:30 show time. At 9:30, the audience is cleared out so that another 1,200 customers can be seated by 10 and get their country-style kicks until midnight.

For 26 years, station WLS has been enjoying this double-deck ticket-selling bonanza. For 30 years, the radio broadcast has been a spectacle of stability. To date, 2,390,000 people have bought their way into the live show. Stars of the Barn Dance last year alone made paid personal appearances before 1,397,900 Midwesterners. These are the diligently kept statistics of the WLS artists bureau, a booking office which is another profitable sideline of a station whose main business, presumably, is that of selling air time to advertisers.

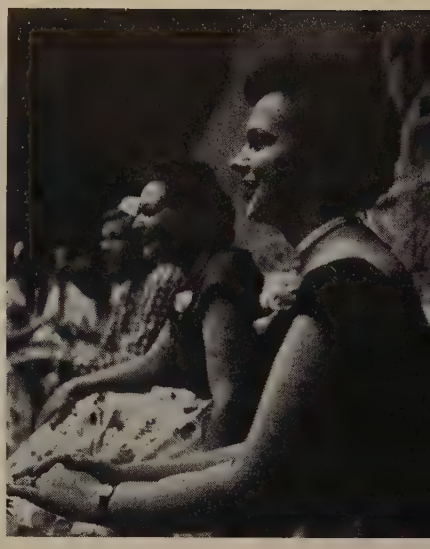
The city dweller, accustomed to the come-and-go of high pressure radio advertisers, would find the longevity of Barn Dance sponsors as surprising as the unfamiliarity of their products. There's Red Brand farm fence, still on after 25 consecutive years; Murphy's feeds and seed corn, 18 years; Warp Brothers' flexible glass for chicken houses and barn windows, 16 years. A weekly half-hour of Barn Dance costs a sponsor about $40,000 a year. Sometimes the commercials are a barometer of farm life. A pioneer advertiser, Mantle Lamp company, maker of kerosene lamps, dropped out in 1941 after 15 years. It was a casualty of the New Deal's rural electrification program.

FAN MAIL for the talent is substantial and steady. Homer and Jethro, whose stock-in-trade is a sometimes hilarious hillbilly satire on city tunes ("How much is that houn' dawg in the winder? I do hope that flea bag's fer sale"), last winter introduced a parody of a then popular Yuletide ditty. Their version was titled "All I Want for Christmas Is My Upper Plate." During the next week to their astonishment dozens of upper plates, most of them slightly used, came in the mail.

Chartered busloads of fans from far-flung home towns are common, particularly in June when graduating classes make a visit to the Barn Dance their big social event. By 7 o'clock, there's always a half-block line of patrons carefully guarding their priority in arrival. After 26 years, the theater management still can't convince the customers they can go somewhere and relax, that every ticket represents a reserved seat. At about 9, the same queuing up is repeated for the 10 o'clock show.

Often at 5 or 6 in the afternoon, a carload of people will show up for admittance and present tickets for the

Left column, from top: Marquee of the Eighth Street theater, which is packed twice each Saturday night by fans of the National Barn Dance; Bob Atcher, whose shirts are worth $25,000; three zanies, Cousin Tilford, Homer and Jethro. Right column: Square dancers rest and watch the show; Lulu Belle and Scotty, twenty-year veterans.



adio's earliest days

10 o'clock show. When "Tim" Timponi, the theater manager, informs them they can't get in until after 9:30, the head of the family exclaims, "Nine-thirty! But we just druv up from below Springfield. What'll we do?" Obviously, they came with no other plans. Tim, in the neighborly fashion he's acquired for Saturday nights, suggests, "There's some nice soft seats down t'the lobby of the Conrad Hilton hotel. Why don't you sit and visit a while?" It's a solution that's usually quite satisfactory to the customer, if not to the Hilton management.

"Who are these people?" is a question that even the station has been trying to answer for itself. Glenn Snyder, the station manager, whose easy-going, husky-voiced humor matches his roly-poly physique, likes to generalize about his customers as "common people of all kinds – city people, country people, all kinds of people who work for a living." To fortify his generality, a recent survey of the theater audience showed 46 per cent of the guests lived in metropolitan Chicago. There were 122 occupations represented. In a confidential pitch to a prospective advertiser, he summed up the audience with a generality that glittered even brighter:

"Those who believe in the established social customs and moral philosophies, and believe that virtue and

DANCE

photos by William Miller

honest toil earn the only worthwhile rewards."

Quite an interesting collection of prairie dialects hangs heavy in the air among the line of chattering ticket holders. "You can take the boy out of the country," program director Harold A. Safford said in explaining the growing popularity of rural music in the cities, "but you can't take the country out of the boy." And a lot of country boys have become Chicagoans, bringing their popular music tastes along.

One valuable standard for figuring out who likes what, musically, is the record business. In Chicago, the pattern of record distribution is a miniature census bureau in pointing out certain population facts. Country-and-western (C&W) music, as it's called in the trade, is a negligible factor in Chicago record sales. Hudson-Ross, largest record purveyor in the Loop, reports that about 50 tin-pan alley records are sold for every C&W disc. But that's not the case with the Wil-Ken Music shop at Wilson and Kenmore, on the North Side. George Topper, the store's proprietor, says that 30 per cent of his volume is C&W. The furnished rooms in his neighborhood are responsible, he points out:

"This area is loaded with Southerners. They come up here to get factory and construction jobs at higher pay. They come to this neighborhood until they get settled permanently. Wherever you find furnished rooms and low priced hotels, you find country-and-western music."

The behavior of his migratory customers has made Topper something of an economic analyst:

"Jobs aren't so good now. A lot of my customers come in to say good-by. They're going back south to help Dad put in the crops. If conditions pick up, they'll come back."

The ABC Music Service Corp. is the largest juke box operator in the city. Mrs. Amelia Fio Rito, who checks which records are earning how many dimes and where, also finds a pattern. Of 12 route men covering the city, only two use country records — and they use them heavily. One is up around Broadway and Wilson — George Topper's neighborhood again — and the other covers west Madison street. The heavy country taste is found not so much along Skid Row as out west between California and Kedzie.

Singer's One-Stop service is an ingenious enterprise where in one place the small juke box operator may pick up records of all manufacturers at five cents over wholesale price, if his volume doesn't warrant making the rounds of the regular wholesalers. Joe Sipiora, one of three brothers who own Singer's One-Stop, majored in economics in college and enjoys analyzing business phenomena: "Wherever transient populations exist, we sell a lot of C&W records. We sell them nowhere else." His C&W volume is again on west Madison street, from Halsted to Kedzie, and in the cheap hotel districts around Division and Clark and Armitage and Lincoln. Gary, Hammond and East Chicago, the steel centers, are a good market, too, along with the Rockford and South Bend manufacturing centers.

Out on Madison street, in the 3000 block, three taverns display neon signs: "Live Hillbilly Music." Thus they frankly advertise the word "hillbilly," a term strictly forbidden around the studios of WLS. These three places,

BARN DANCE

Dolph Hewitt, singer

La Conga, the 3022 Club and the Casanova, compose Chicago's center of hillbilly night life.

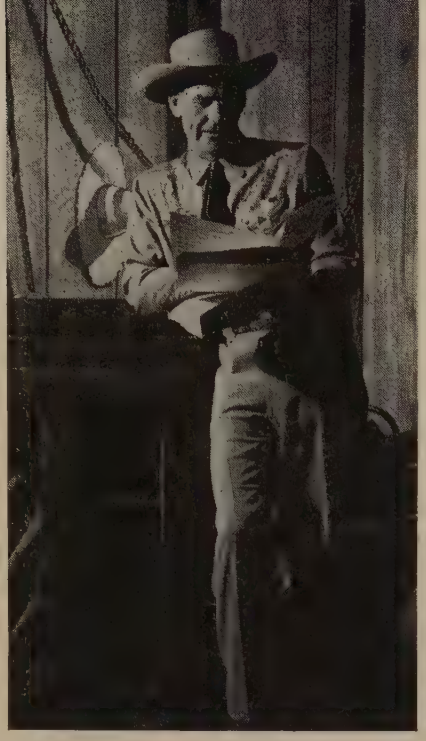
The bartenders and waitresses are Southern and so are their customers. Yankee tourists from other Chicago neighborhoods don't come in often. Veteran performer of the street is Randy Barnett, who has been singing and fiddling for various proprietors for 15 years. He says, "These are all people from Kentucky, Tennessee and North Ca'lina come up here to take jobs. They finally settle down in this neighborhood because they know other folks here."

These recent Southerners like the WLS Barn Dance — and there's reason to suspect that they make up a good portion of the "city folks" who attend it. However, the music is different on west Madison. So is the dress of the performers and the studied lack of polished showmanship. To the Northern ear, the Madison street players are "nasal and twangy." To the Southern ear, they're "more sincere," "less slicked up." They resemble closely in sound, style and stage manner the fabulous stars centered in Nashville — Red Foley, Ernest Tubb, Hank Snow, Roy Acuff and the late Hank Williams — whose amazing nation-wide record sales and appearances netted them $7,500,000 in 1953.

Manager Snyder calls the Southern style "hungry hillbilly" and he'll have none of it on WLS. Homer and Jethro, among the few stars who have been successful both North and South, call the Northern brand "uptown hillbilly." Jethro adds, "It's educated hillbilly. You can educate this Northern audience to anything, and popular music is getting in the saddle. You can't change the Southern audience."

The WLS "family" dissociates itself from the twang of "hungry hillbilly" — meaning the South — and directs itself to lovers of "better music." There's Bob Atcher, billed as "top hand of the cowhands," from Hardin county, Kentucky, where Lincoln was born. Atcher, gifted with a sweet tenor voice and graceful country speech, first sang songs publicly in the "educated hillbilly" atmosphere of the University of Kentucky radio station. But he spent his formative years before entering college on his father's ranch in northwestern North Dakota. So he's more cowboy than hillbilly.

He appears on the stage in elegant cowboy-styled regalia, tailored for him by one Rodeo Ben in Philadelphia. His fancy embroidered and bespangled shirts cost him $250 apiece and he owns about 100 of them. He's in full costume constantly because of his heavy radio, children's TV and personal appearance schedule. Last October, the WLS family had a Hallowe'en costume party. Atcher showed



Top: Arkie, Arkansas Woodchopper and singer. Middle left: Enjoying their temporary roles as spectators at the rural revelry are comic Red Blanchard, Arkie, and Donna of the Beaver Valley Sweethearts. Middle right: Real spectators are no less enthusiastic; woman in foreground has six year perfect attendance record at Barn Dance. Below: A featured act on several WLS programs, Cap'n Stubby and the Buccaneers.

up in a business suit. "Everybody flipped," he said.

Lulu Belle and Scotty have been teamed on the show since 1934, the same year they were married. She appears in old-fashioned frock, high-top shoes and hair ribbon and spins a disarmingly honest ballad, altho she's liked best for her little-girl upstartness. Scotty tinkles a five-string banjo, an antiquated instrument once popular in the hills of North Carolina whence both of them come. Scotty Wiseman is an "educated hillbilly" in a literal sense. He just earned his master's degree in English.

Red Blanchard, from Pittsville, Wisconsin, was hired away back by WLS as "The Texas Yodeler." Since the war, he's acted mainly as court jester. In July, the Texas yodeler from Wisconsin left for a Wyoming vacation with the quip, "I'm going to see all those cowboys who don't sing."

One boy raised in cowboy country who does sing is Woody Mercer, brought to Chicago less than a year ago. He was one of 100 residents of Sulphur Springs Valley, Arizona. Woody sang his way thru six years of the University of Arizona. He earned a law degree and established a going practice in Phoenix before WLS offered him the chance to pursue his first love, singing country songs.

Woody makes little of his cowboy heritage. He says that if people like him it's because he's a country boy: "Country people everywhere have a bond among them. They understand each other. City people are more on their guard. They have to be, I guess."

Fancy cowboy clothes, according to Woody, are "pure made up," a fiction invented in Hollywood. Now a cowboy singer is stuck with such garb or the kids won't believe he's real. "You never see a cowboy carry a gun anymore'n he'd always carry a saddle on his back." Woody performs in a plaid shirt of the $3.98 class, skinny-looking britches and generously heeled cowboy boots. The footwear, he says, was standard in his law office as well as on the stage of the Eighth Street theater.

During the program's station breaks, an actual square dance takes place on stage. Dancers are provided by the Chicago Park district, or they're the winners of some home town festival. Caller is John Dolce, who can afford to stand off from any "hungry hillbilly" vs. "uptown hillbilly" controversy. He was born in Palermo, Italy.

But Dolce is not the only WLS import on record. In June, a guest star was Slim Briggs, descendant of Stephen Foster and a native of Franklin, N. C. Slim had just returned from a successful engagement in Paris, where on Avenue George V he was billed as *Slim Briggs et sa Musique du Far West.*

Other stars are Betty Ross, "The Girl with the Golden Hair and the Blues in Her Voice," not to mention a master's degree in biology from New York university; Cap'n Stubby and the Buccaneers, an instrumental and singing quintet and a solid fixture in WLS programing; Colleen and Donna Wilson, the "Beaver Valley Sweethearts"; Dolph Hewitt, moderately successful on records; Arkie, the Arkansas Woodchopper; and Lola Dee, enjoying bright success as a country singer after some trying years as a citified "jump" singer under the name of Lola Ameche.

Of all the current talent, only Grace Wilson, "The Girl with a Million Friends," was on hand April 19, 1924, in the mezzanine studios of the Sherman hotel for the first National Barn Dance. Five days earlier, Sears, Roebuck had launched WLS (World's Largest Store) with a publicity blast promising "the most witching, sumptuous, glorious, ear-gladdening and impressive show ever heard on the air."

The station specialized chiefly in light classical music, calculated to lend most prestige to the store's public service, non-commercial venture. On that first Saturday night, a Sears vice-president had some guests in his home and with pardonable pride he tuned his crystal set to his spanking new radio station. He was known as a music lover. When his ears were assaulted by *Turkey in the Straw* rendered by a devil-may-care country fiddle, the National Barn Dance nearly died right then and there.

BARN DANCE

Betty Ross, vocalist

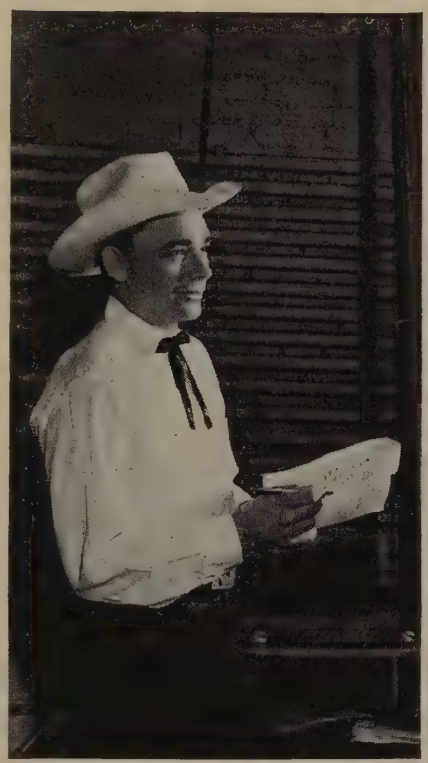
Top: Red Blanchard and Grace Wilson, the only charter member of the cast, watch the whirling square dancers during a station break. Middle: Woody Mercer, singer and retired lawyer; Grace Wilson, who's starting her fourth decade on the show. Bottom: Colleen and Donna Wilson, the Beaver Valley Sweethearts.

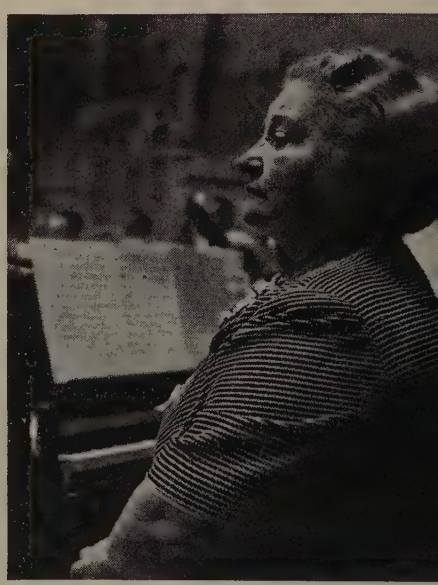
But about the same time, Ernest Byfield, storied innkeeper of the Sherman, the station's landlord, was equally unhappy about the public's general delight. "If that phone doesn't stop ringing," he warned, "the station will have to put in its own lines." Four hundred calls came in that night.

Grace Wilson was first responsible for performers being paid. Or, you might say, Al Capone was. A girl friend of Capone's was a singer in the Sherman's College Inn and she was asked to guest on the Barn Dance one night. Capone watched the performance with smiling approval which later turned to suggestive firmness when he asked the producer, "Well, don't she get paid?" She was. Grace, who was at least as talented and certainly better known to the Barn Dance following, spoke up for equal courtesy. Thereafter, a full talent payroll was established.

In 1928, the *Prairie Farmer*, a rural newspaper, bought WLS, and a quick survey of the new property revealed that requests for tickets to the Barn Dance were being filled seven months in advance. "They'll pay to see it," an alert executive argued, and Glenn Snyder gambled on renting Chicago's "jinx" house, the Eighth Street theater. He offered the theater a percentage of the gate, cancelable by either party after two weeks. In two weeks, Snyder canceled. The percentage came to too much money and he negotiated a flat rental. In 1952, after 24 years, Snyder grew tired of paying rent and WLS bought the theater.

"Sincerity" is the word most often used to explain how Barn Dance stars keep the unwavering loyalty of their audience. Even in the "across-the-fence" delivery of the commercials, announcers Jack Stilwell and Jack Holden sound as unquestionably sincere as Stilwell did last April 24, during the 30th anniversary show, when he delivered a tribute to some of the Barn Dance stars of the past, "looking down from their reserved seats in heaven to enjoy the Barn Dance with us tonight."





designed by Larry Klein

Archaeologists are uncovering near Madison an ancient city bearing marks of Aztec culture: Mexican shell ornaments and ritual cannibalism

by A. A. Dornfeld

The example of the simple fellow whose first step toward erecting a new barn was to shop around for a wagon load of post holes has been followed by the state of Wisconsin, which in 1947 acquired title to several thousand post holes as a preliminary to rebuilding the vanished town of Aztalan.

Some time after Lief Ericson's freshly Christianized Northmen made their landfall in Vinland, but well before the caravels of Columbus cleared Palos harbor, a group of accomplished tho cannibalistic Indians planted the seeds of a remarkable culture at Aztalan. It can even be argued that the distinction of being the first men to introduce a smattering of civilization into the howling wilderness of the Midwest, which is commonly accorded to French missionaries, Canadian *coureurs-du-bois* and Anglo-Saxon riflemen, is better deserved by these Indians.

The post holes purchased by the Wisconsin department of conservation, along with the land in which they stood, mark the triple stockade which protected the 25-acre town of the ancients, the places where their snug log houses were built, and their temple of worship high on a terraced, pyramid-shaped mound.

These people were mound-builders — a term deplored by anthropologists as vague and misleading, since many groups of Indians threw up mounds. The anthropologist's term is "Middle Mississippi culture." It covers a wave of immigration, driven from the south by some unexplained urge, which swept up the Mississippi river and its tributaries a thousand years ago.

Aztalan, whose name was bestowed in the belief that the highly developed civilizations of the Aztecs stemmed from here, is the high water mark of the Middle Mississippi effort, the *ultima Thule* of the northward migration. The town was occupied for a period of about a century, between the years 1000 and 1150 A.D.

Already a 200-foot length of the 12-foot high stockade has been erected, along with four bastions. The logs are set in the original post holes (technically "post moulds") with archaeologists on hand to make sure the new posts go, not merely into the old line of the stockade, but each one into the exact spot occupied a millenium ago by its predecessor. A step-backed earth pyramid, its sides worn down by 1,000 years of erosion plus a century of white man's farming, has also been restored to its original shape and dimensions. A second pyramid, in another corner of the stockade, is being rebuilt this year.

WHEN THE TOWN is completely reborn, it will offer a striking refutation of the commonly held view that all American Indians were shivering savages who spent their winters huddled in drafty bark or skin tepees.

Already there is appearing a resemblance to the blockhouse communities of pioneering white men, a resemblance based on a common need for protection against nomadic neighbors who resented civilized intruders.

The post hole outline indicates triple walls on the landward side of the town on Crawfish river. These are set on a low linear mound that runs the circuit of the community and lends an illusion of great height to the stockade. Loom-

The "princess burial" found at Aztalan is that of a young woman. The deformity of the right shoulder, which can be noted in the photo, may have given this girl her rank; primitive peoples often venerate individuals with unique physical characteristics. The body was wrapped in several belts of beads before interment, some of the beads fashioned from sea shells found 1,000 miles away in the Gulf of Mexico.

Milwaukee Museum photo.

tecs in Wisconsin ?

ing even higher, the bastions, with fighting tops large enough to hold several bowmen, are set just outside the walls and are clustered about the town gates.

The main gate was a labyrinth, whose outline was worked out this year by Dr. Chandler W. Rowe, head of the department of anthropology at Lawrence college, Appleton. The maze entrance was designed to give invaders a maximum of embarrassment, while granting the townsfolk ample opportunity to ply their weapons from the walls and towers. Anyone entering the enclosed town would have to walk between flanking walls outside of the main stockade, make a U turn under the shadow of the bastions, and then travel a similar passage inside the walls, before gaining the village proper.

The name *Aztalan* was given to this northerly place more than a century ago, when the site first came under the observation of scientific men. It was known already that the highly cultured Aztecs in their southwestern homes cherished an origin myth which told of a walled city, far to the northward. Aztalan, as the Aztecs called this place, was set on the banks of a flowing stream, and was girt with woodlands and maize fields. Thru the folk literature of the Aztecs of historical times runs the story of humble beginnings in pastoral Aztalan, and a national nostalgia for their legendary Eden.

Believing that this mythical spot lay on or near the 52nd parallel of latitude, early researchers who came upon the site 25 miles east of Madison concluded that the Aztalan of the Aztecs had been found.

This reasoning is not so much in error as upside down, Prof. David Baerreis of the University of Wisconsin declares.

"Our Aztalan is the farthest north reached by the people of the Middle Mississippi culture," he explains. "The people are related, at least by culture, to the Indians of the Southwest. So, while Aztalan is probably not the place from which the Aztecs came, it is at least the most remote point to which their influence traveled."

It is the aim of the rebuilders to achieve authenticity of at least 90 per cent in restoring the old town.

Fully as important as the discovery of the post holes was the finding of hundreds of artifacts in kitchen middens (those community trash piles which are one of the richest sources of information to archaeologists.) The contents of the middens prove that the Aztalaneans were skilled artisans in stone, pottery and textiles, and were also mighty hunters and effective farmers. And they were cannibals, as attested by the discovery of cracked human bones among the skeletal fragments of deer and other game animals. The bones were cracked to expose the marrow. It is still undecided as to whether the unpleasant custom was followed for ritualistic or other reasons. Ceremonial cannibalism was an occasional feature in the religion of the Mexican Aztecs 500 years later when the Spaniards came.

Altho the fund of knowledge about the town is large and growing, there are still important gaps in it. Most puzzling of these is: exactly what happened to these enlightened, energetic folk? It is well established that the town was abandoned after some still unexplained calamity struck the inhabitants, and that fire leveled it soon afterward.

ONE SURMISE is that the depletion of game caused by the high concentration of population, and by the townsmen's farming activities, aroused the easily-sparked ire of the savage tribesmen native to the area. Perhaps the Aztalanean custom of dining upon the local population — the bones in the middens are those of a heavier, stockier type than those of any Aztalan citizens so far discovered — contributed to this. On the other hand, the cannibalism may have been the result of warfare, not its cause. Further, it is possible that the relatively barbarian natives of the area were mystified by, and feared, the civilized town dwellers, and so attacked them — a familiar pattern of events in the history of civilization. At all events, Aztalan fell in some manner into the hands of its enemies, its citizens were killed or, more probably, dispersed, and its walls razed by fire.

In burning, the wooden stockade

Freshly excavated site of a house within the village. Post holes marked the walls; larger pits were used chiefly for food storage purposes. Rowe photo.

Cross-section of mounds shows sections of earth proving it was man made. Dr. Arthur Schneider points to post holes. Seaver & Condill photo.

and houses transformed the clay with which they had been plastered into a pottery-like substance called "Aztalan brick." Thousands of fragments of this "brick" have been found, still showing the curved and bark-covered shape of the posts on which the clay had been spread. It is reasoned that the plaster was used as a seal to windproof the houses and, ironically, to fireproof the stockade.

ONE HOUSE was not completely destroyed. It is believed that this one caught fire at some time before the date of the general conflagration which destroyed the rest of the town. Dr. Moreau S. Maxwell, formerly of Beloit college, who supervised research at the site some years ago, developed a theory that when this place was burning, the residents, having no fire department, pelted the house with gobs of wet clay.

Borne down by the weight of the soil, the fire-weakened structure collapsed, and was trampled level under its mantle of clay. In this accidental manner, Dr. Maxwell reasoned, the wood of the building, which could have decayed, was transformed into charcoal, an almost pure form of carbon which cannot decay. And a damaged but legible carbon copy of the building was placed on file for the studious attention of posterity.

While the town had no fire department, it did have a municipal water supply: a spring whose outlet was carefully paved with smooth stones to preserve purity. The water supply was certainly inadequate in quantity for the community — a modern touch — and was probably used only as a wartime standby. Crawfish river was the ordinary water source, scientists say.

Aztalan may also have had its town boosters, for its boundaries were twice expanded to accommodate the growing population. Maybe they even called it Greater Aztalan.

Twentieth century visitors to the site, when the restoration is completed, will find that home furnishings stress a deerskin motif, but that mats woven of reed and other plant fibers will have an important place. Kitchenware includes well designed jugs, bowls and kettles, some with ears for convenience in holding. These are reconstructions from fragments of the originals found on the spot. Bold, abstract patterns of a geometric sort chase themselves around the borders of the more highly developed examples. At least two schools of pottery making are represented at Aztalan; the second, more advanced school shows the use of a "slip" of powdered shells to form a glaze in firing.

A sheet of hammered copper and a couple of copper ear ornaments have been found, indicating that the ancients had some traffic with the inhabitants of Michigan's copper country hundreds of miles to the north. Perhaps if they had been allowed to work out their destiny, the Aztalaneans would have evolved an age of metals.

Tools for the workmen, or more probably the workwomen, were well developed. The large items, spades and axes, were fashioned from finely chipped flint or chert, probably taken from nearby glacial moraines. Hoes, a very common item among the discoveries, were usually made of large clamshells. The axes actually cut wood after a fashion, for the archaeologists — ever thoro — have attached helves to some of them and given them trials.

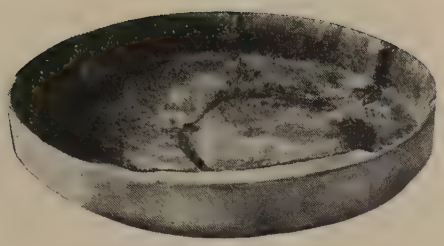
For work around the house, deer and fish bones were used as awls, while clamshells served as spoons. Small stone chisels, to shape other, softer stones have also been found.

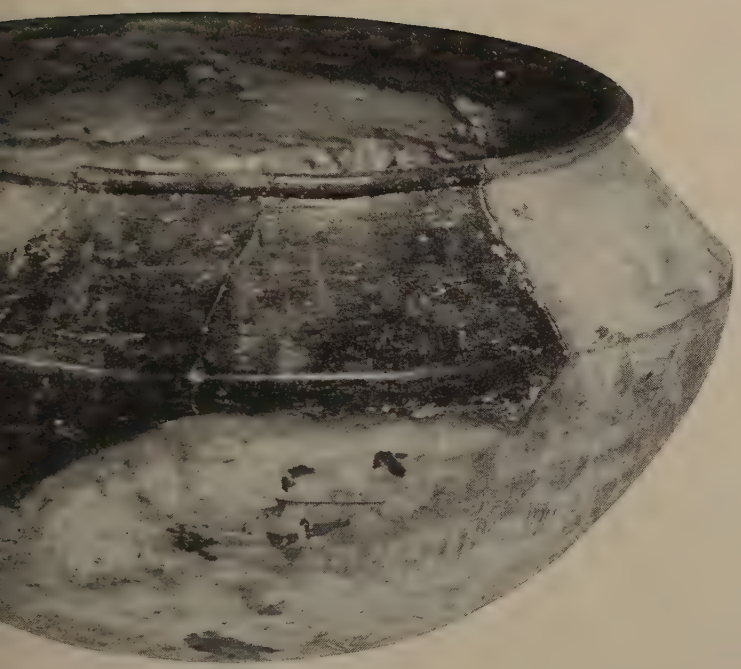
That some ingenious person must have been experimenting with a method for sawing stone is evidenced by the discovery of several stone slabs bearing parallel hacksaw-like markings on their flat sides. The guess is that the sawing was accomplished by drawing a dampened reed or sinew, loaded with abrasive sand, back and forth over the slab. A similar method, involving a yarn from a sock and scrapings from a stone floor, has been used by prisoners in historic times to saw thru steel bars.

Some of the houses were round, others nearly square. A lobby effect, to baffle the drafts in the doorway, was created in some dwellings by a curved wall section in front of, and overlapping, the door opening. There were interior fireplaces, of smooth stones or baked clay, some with auxiliary fireplaces like warming ovens, attached, apparently to keep food warm. The

Artist's conception of Aztalan as it appeared when it was a living village. Main residential area in foreground, maize fields in the middle walled sector, wooded area and the ceremonial pyramid against the rear wall.
Milwaukee Museum photo.

A section of the reconstructed wall, showing bastions at intervals. These had platforms occupied by archers in time of war.
Seaver & Condill photo.





Pottery at left: a gourd-shaped dipper, flat dish used to get salt by evaporation, and a cooking pot. These were reconstructed from fragments found in the ruins of houses.
Milwaukee Museum photos.

skeleton of a human hand was found in one of these. where seemingly it had been placed by some provident person for a future meal, destined never to be eaten.

To the regret of the researchers, no communal burying ground has been found, only three widely separated graves. One of these, the so-called "princess burial," contained the skeleton of a young woman swathed in three elaborate and beautiful belts of beads, some made from the shells of sea mollusks which are found only in the Gulf of Mexico. Another grave was that of a man who had been buried in a sitting position. The third burial was that of two children, which also contained, pathetically, a rattle made of a tortoise shell with pebbles inside.

If a burying ground had been found, it would have provided many helpful clues to the Aztalanean way of life. Anthropologists explain, for instance, that the discovery of one male skeleton buried with several females indicates polygamy, while neatly paired graves show monogamy. If some lone individual was buried with many valuable objects, while most of the others had none, a highly stratified form of society would be proved. Amulets, charms and similar items would give valuable hints about religious beliefs. The Aztecs of Mexico disposed of most of their dead by cremation, but no pyre has been found at Aztalan, either.

WIND EROSION, ordinarily a destructive force, served as a preservative at Aztalan. The site is situated under the lee of a range of low hills, where the prevailing westerly winds showered it with fine dust which was deposited as loess. This sealed the remnants and relics of the community away from complete destruction.

Under the loess stood cylinders of dark humus showing where the feet of the town's foundation posts had rotted away. They are easily discernable in the light-colored soil of the Aztalan region.

Reconstruction of the mounds to their original size and shape (in their run-down condition they had furnished fine bobsledding for the kids of the neighborhood) was the work of only a few days with bulldozers and front-end loaders. It must have taken the ancients, carrying their baskets, months or even years. Accurate data about the original shape of the mound was acquired by driving two deep trenches at right angles clear across it from side to side. In these trenches, the original angle of the mound's sides is easily traceable.

Artifacts which inform the investigators are found not only in the kitchen middens; they are strewn all over Aztalan's area. Many were turned up by plowmen before the state took over. They are still being found by farmers outside of the area, but, according to white-haired Albert Kracht, the custodian, tractor plowing has spoiled the treasure hunting.

"We used to have to rest the horses," explains Kracht, who once owned the site. "So, of course, we had a little time to look over the newly turned land for whatever we would find. But tractors never have to rest."

Kracht, who is also curator of a museum near the site, displays a magnificently fashioned spade blade, explaining that he sought one of these

General outline and high points of the Aztalan site are shown in diagram based on archaeologist's notes. Tho the site has been known for 100 years, many of its most promising parts are only now beginning to be explored. Conspicuous among the new diggings is the "treasure" pyramid which, it is hoped, will yield information on the religion of the people.

Very few burials have been found at Aztalan. The missing head of the extended body shown here has never been found. Rowe photo.

objects over a period of many years.

"Never found one, tho I got lots of other interesting things," he says with a note of regret. "Then one year I rented out the place to a neighbor. And he finds this!"

The exploratory work at the site is directed by anthropology teachers from various Wisconsin colleges, who also do their share of the spade work. The common concept of professors as men with bulging brows must be expanded in the case of archaeologists to include bulging biceps.

"A research man without brawn would be out of place in an archaeological job, regardless of the quality of his brain," says husky Dr. Arthur Schneider of Lawrence college.

A good deal of the digging is done by college students working toward a degree. Sleeping in tents and eating in a barn converted into a headquarters, the students quickly achieve deep tans during the months of research in the vacation season. Tarpaulins are on hand to protect valuable finds from showers, but a suggestion that these be rigged as canopies to mitigate the heat would be greeted by hoots. It's hard enough to spot the little nubbins which show they're getting onto something important, even in the sunlight. They can't afford to cut down the illumination.

While some of the work is done with spades, a great deal more has to be done with more delicate implements of the trade.

"Into the past with trowel, brush and grapefruit knife," is the way one blister-kneed student described the digging. The trowel is about two inches to a side, and does the coarser work of the searching. When something hopeful is come upon, the grapefruit knife with its curved, saw-edged blade undercuts it. Then the camel's-hair brush cleans up the treasure.

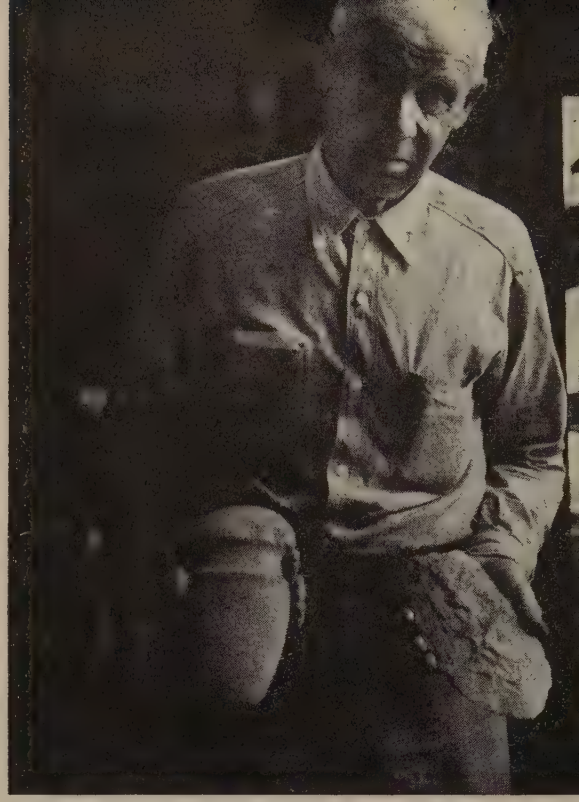
A fourth tool, never mentioned, is patience. The site is no place for a man in a hurry.

A find which may prove particularly valuable was made this July by Rowe and Schneider. This is the charred foundation of a very small building on top of a pyramid. Research will continue there even while the reconstruction goes on.

Sometimes the finds are of a most unexpected sort. For instance, there was the discovery of a horse skeleton in the northwest mound. Both men deny that they entertained even a momentary hope that this would upset the scientific view that the horse was

Preliminary excavation on the site of a thousand-year-old house. Student at right has found an artifact which he is cleaning with care, and will quickly coat with preservative.

Rowe photo.



Albert Kracht holds stone ax head and flin spade from the mound. Kracht used to ow and farm the land of Aztalan and is nov employed by the state as its caretaker.

Seaver & Condill phot

designed by Carl Schranz

not present on the North American continent before 1492. But what, then, was a horse doing in a 1,000-year-old Indian mound?

Any doubt that the animal had belonged to a white man dissipated when diggers discovered, near the feet, not horseshoes but rusty horseshoe nails. No doubt the thrifty owner had ripped off the shoes before the interment. But the mystery remained. Not even the oldest resident could recall ever having heard that a horse had been buried in the mound.

Eventually it was discovered that an Eastern newspaper, about the time of the Civil war, had printed an item about a Mormon seer who, guided by a prophetic dream, had visited the mound expecting to find treasure buried there. There was no follow-up story on the matter, but it is surmised that the Mormon made his trip, dug for treasure, and left behind a large hole which came in handy later when a man had a dead horse to dispose of.

THE PURCHASE by the state of the Aztalan site, in 1947, was prompted largely by the Wisconsin Archaeological survey, a group to which most archaeologists in the state belong.

The reconstruction work is in the hands of the Wisconsin department of conservation, headed by Cornelius Harrington, and is under the guidance of various scientists. History of the research goes back to 1838, when Judge N. F. Hyer reported the outlines of the village in an early paper, describing the wealth of artifacts to be found there. Increase Lapham, pioneer naturalist, made extensive studies before the Civil war, and drew a map which is still remarkable for accuracy. Then, after World War I ended, Dr. S. A. Barrett, curator of the Milwaukee museum, took up the work; his researches developed the post hole pattern at Aztalan.

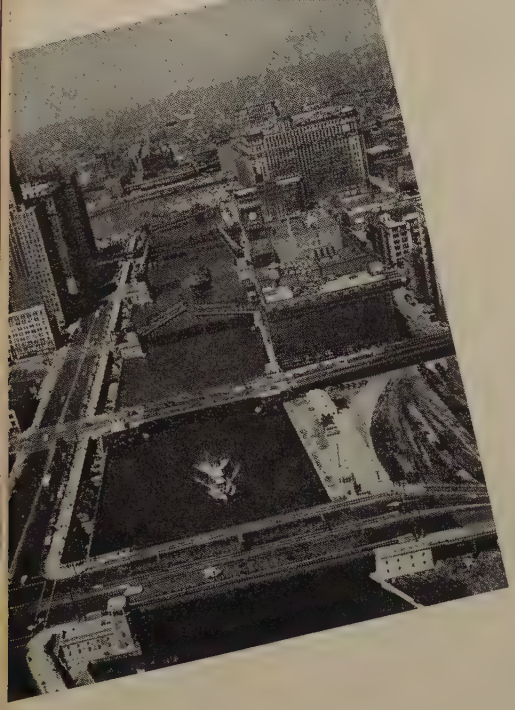
The place has been given the status of a state park, and facilities for the accommodation of visitors have already been started — at a little distance from the village, to avoid a clash of atmospheres when the restoration is complete.

Nonscientific minds, trying to puzzle out some solution to the many mysteries of Aztalan, sometimes arrive at a plausible surmise. Could the disappearance of the townsmen, their cannibalistic ways, and the lack of a general burying ground be facets of the same problem?

But the scientific folk will have none of this.

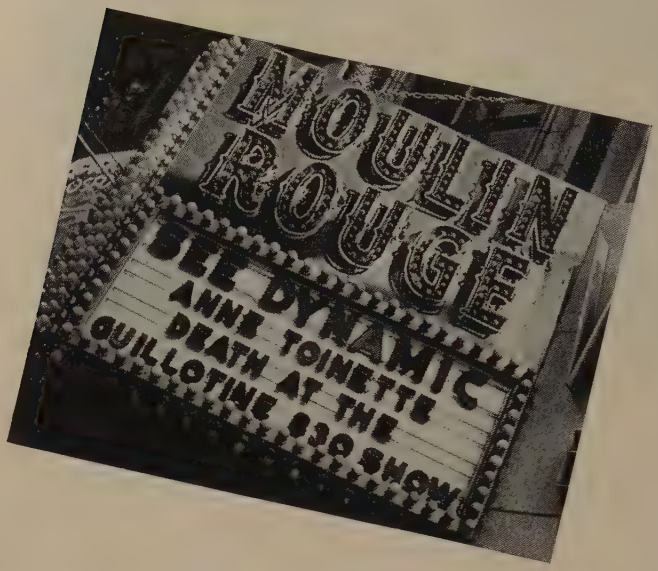
"No," says Professor Baerreis positively, "altho it would be a neat solution. Unlike the gingham dog and the calico cat, the ancient Aztalaneans did not eat each other up."

Foundation of a long house, wit fire pit. The exploratory trench ex tends into the background; whe enough items of interest are foun close together in the trench, the di is extended on the sides. Rowe phot



Capitalists and bureaucrats in Chicago live in constant fear of revolutionary uprisings by working class. For this reason the "Loop" (American slang term for "Kremlin"), left, has been surrounded by wide moat equipped with drawbridges. Large building in right background is place of employment for thousands of "white collar workers," so called because these devices are used to keep them chained to their desks.

Public execution of beautiful women is a typical form of mass entertainment in Chicago, where lurid spectacles are used to keep minds of proletarians off their abysmal living conditions.



Notorious capitalist family named Astor has monopoly on cleaning furs and other articles of clothing. Arrogant sign "We operate our own plant" is blatant boast that workers have no voice in management. In U.S. "going to cleaners" is idiom for "to be cheated by monopolists."

Cynicism of ruling elements is boundless. Eventual fate of its customers is blatantly acknowledged in this so-called tavern, actually a nerve-center of secret police operations.

How a Russian photographer mi

DECADENC

aughters of workers are compelled to parade efore minor business and political functionaries t so-called "beauty contests." "Judges" note umbers of girls who have red hair and send em to remote Hollywood, slave labor camps here some may meet fate worse than Trotskyism.

uis XIV was a kulak compared to mayor of hicago, who lives in this huge palace contain- g hundreds of rooms and surrounded by signs ading "No Horn Blowing in This Area."

Typical examples of American "mass production" are carelessly assembled automobiles at left which will be highly polished and offered to common people as finest achievements of "Yankee know-how." Capitalist's car shown above is more carefully built but falls far short of modern vehicle design standards.

Even if a Chicago motorist gets his antiquated car in running order he is denied pleasure of a carefree drive thru the park. Political indoctrination is constantly drummed into him by signs like this one placed at strategic points.

et life at the hub of bourgeois democracy

BY THE LAKE

GRAND

OPERA

Carol Fox was born in Chicago; Maria Meneghini-Callas, in Brooklyn, and Nicola Rescigno, in New York city. Carol was still here in 1932 when the city's last big-time resident opera season ended; Maria was in Greece, and Nicola in Italy. They were all too young to care about the illness and impending death of a great cultural institution. But on Nov. 1 each will be at 20 north Wacker drive trying to replace it.

Miss Fox is president of the Lyric Theater, which has chosen that night to open its first operatic season by featuring Mme. Callas in *Norma* under the direction of Maestro Rescigno.

It will be an evening of milestones: the beginning of the first locally-produced opera season since World War II, the only presentation of the Bellini work here in 17 years, and the American debut of the Flatbush emigre who is perhaps the outstanding figure in European opera today. The management of the Opera House is even getting into the spirit of resuscitation by installing new carpeting, having the drapes and the curtain cleaned and repainting the cyclorama, which produces the effects of sky and space.

Consistent with the advice of Daniel Burnham, the great city planner who lived in the golden age of Chicago opera, the youthful pillars of the Lyric Theater are making no little plans. They envision not only a permanent and constantly expanding local opera company, but the commissioning of new works by American composers, establishment of a workshop to develop new singers, formation of a ballet company, and prosecution of a continuing campaign to create a growing audience for opera here.

Precedent can be found in the city's history for fulfillment or frustration of this design. The Opera House and its predecessor, the Auditorium, have housed some of the most triumphant seasons ever staged and witnessed some of the largest deficits.

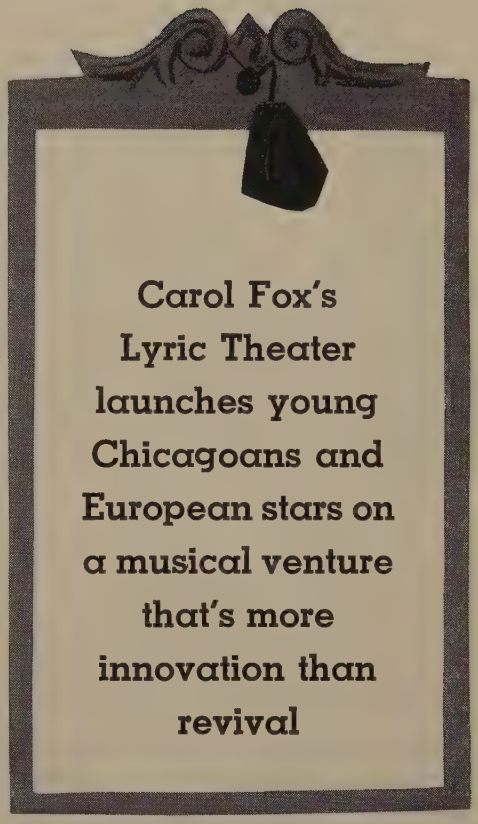
Altho the Beaubien brothers introduced music to Chicago in 1834 (Mark owned the first violin in Illinois and John the first piano in town), opera had to wait until 1850 for its debut. and didn't reach its heyday until 1890.

First local opera house was the Rice theater. After it was destroyed by fire there were no more performances until 1865, when the Crosby Opera House was built. Good singing took place there from time to time and in 1887 there was a season of German opera. The next year an opera festival held in the Exposition building at Michigan and Adams lent impetus to plans for construction of the Auditorium.

The golden age of Chicago opera began on the night of Dec. 9, 1889, when President Benjamin Harrison and Adelina Patti opened the Auditorium, Louis Sullivan's architectural masterpiece whose acoustics surpass those of the newer Opera House and practically every other building in the world.

The massive structure on Grant park presented a parade of the world's finest artists. Schumann-Heink, Caruso, Mary Garden and Galli-Curci filled its majestic hall with song. Until 1910 most of the performances were given by touring troupes, but in that year the Chicago Opera company was formed as the first real resident group. This company, later called the Chicago Grand Opera company, established a reputation that makes "Chicago" a special word in European opera circles even today; it commissioned Prokofiev's *The Love for Three Oranges;* it went bankrupt in 1915 and was reorganized in 1916; it folded up again in 1922, this time running up a world record deficit of $800,000.

In 1923 this company was succeeded by the Chicago Civic Opera company. Despite losses of $400,000 in 1925 and $450,000 in 1928, the latter group looked forward to a great future in 1929 when the $20,000,000 Civic Opera building was erected by Samuel Insull. Fabulous sums were spent on the staging of new operas. Some sets were imported from Europe at a cost of $80,000 and used once. Then the Depression brought Insull's utilities empire crashing about his ears and the Civic Opera company was swept along. In 1931 it broke the deficit record by running a million dollars into the red.



Carol Fox's Lyric Theater launches young Chicagoans and European stars on a musical venture that's more innovation than revival

The doors of the Opera House remained closed then until 1934, when a smaller organization, the Chicago City Opera company, opened them. This group hung on until the start of World War II. Its seasons never approached the grandeur of the earlier era, but they were resident seasons, and there have been none since its demise. An attempt at revival was made after the war, but collapsed before a performance could be given.

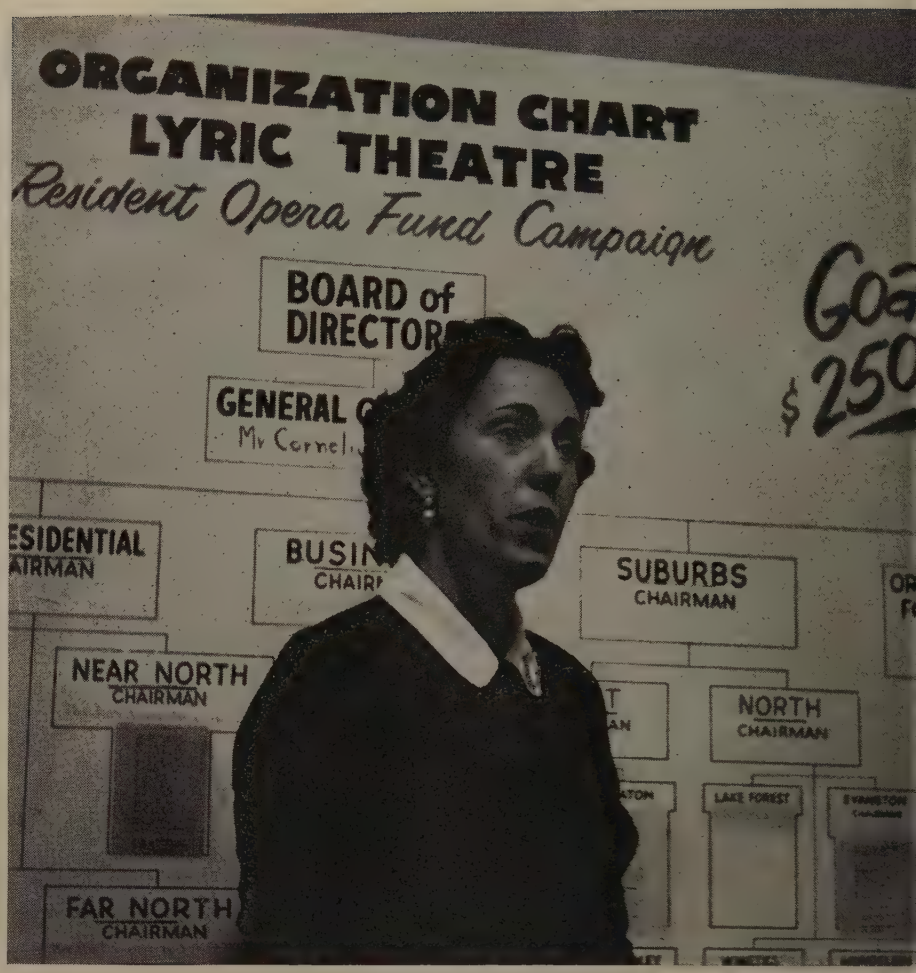
It remained for Carol Fox, the only child of a wealthy office-supply manufacturer, to restore to Chicago a cultural possession it had lost when she was wearing bobby socks and attend-

ing a local private high school.

When it came time for college, Miss Fox persuaded her parents to let her follow instead a musical curriculum of her own devising. She took voice and language courses here for a while, then went to New York where she studied for three years more, continuing her vocal training and learning operatic roles. At the end of that time she embarked for Italy and still further study. Then, as now, she was "dippy about opera." However, during that time in Italy, she gave up the idea of becoming an operatice performer tho not her interest in the musical drama.

Back in the States in 1950, Miss Fox, then 24 years old, met a Chicago friend, Lawrence Kelly, in a New York restaurant. Kelly, a young real estate man who had studied piano from the age of 5 and was interested in opera, asked Miss Fox what she had in mind for the future. She said she'd been thinking about the possibility of starting an opera company in Chicago.

A few minutes of conversation turned the vague aspiration into a project. Stock was taken of their assets. Miss Fox had social contacts and knew her way around the world of opera. Kelly had business acumen and enthusiasm. What they needed was a solid musical person. Miss Fox enlisted as artistic director her friend Rescigno, whose acquisition is regarded as one of several real coups accomplished by the Lyric Theater.



THE MAESTRO was born in New York of prosperous Italian parents 37 years ago. Seven years later he was sent to their homeland to study in the famous Jesuit school of Mondragone in Rome. He received a doctorate in international law there when he was 21. Then he came home and displeased his parents by abandoning law and studying for a musical career in New York.

Rescigno conducted first with the San Carlo Opera company and received critical compliments. Later he was an assistant during the final days of Chicago opera, artistic director of the Teatro Nacional of Cuba and the Hartford Opera company, and a guest conductor in various places around the country. He left the San Francisco Opera company, which has been the only major resident group in the country besides the Metropolitan, to gamble on the future of the Lyric Theater.

With Rescigno in the fold, Miss Fox and "Larry" Kelly came back to Chicago and began organizing the Lyric Theater and the Lyric Guild. The latter is responsible for paying the bills for the operas staged by the former.

In its first stages the Guild was a sort of cause club for young socialites, but it has necessarily evolved into a would-be mass organization. Early attempts to get large sums from a few people failed and the Guild's fund appeal soon grew more democratic. Now memberships are available to all comers at $10 and up.

"We'd like to have 40,000 members in the Guild," Miss Fox said recently. "With that many people actually participating we'd really have a broad base for Chicago opera." One of the privileges accorded a Guild member is having his name listed on the program. Miss Fox didn't specify how 40,000 names would be accommodated on the program, but solving that problem would be easy compared to getting the 40,000 members.

The $250,000 ideal goal of the Guild's current fund drive is still a long way off, but, according to Miss Fox, the $118,000 needed for this season will definitely be raised. And the Guild solicitation will be continued during the season, if necessary, in order to reach the higher total. Of the additional $132,000, the theater would spend $50,000 for scenic renovation. The sets and costumes from the Insull empire are at its disposal, but new ones are needed to meet the requirements of more modern stage direction and the tastes of today's opera fans.

A year-round opera workshop would be set up with $31,000; $20,000 would be allocated for commissioning new operas and an equal amount for public education about opera.

The proposed ballet company would receive $11,000. This project calls for establishing not only a corps de ballet for opera but, eventually, a resident dance company with its own seasons.

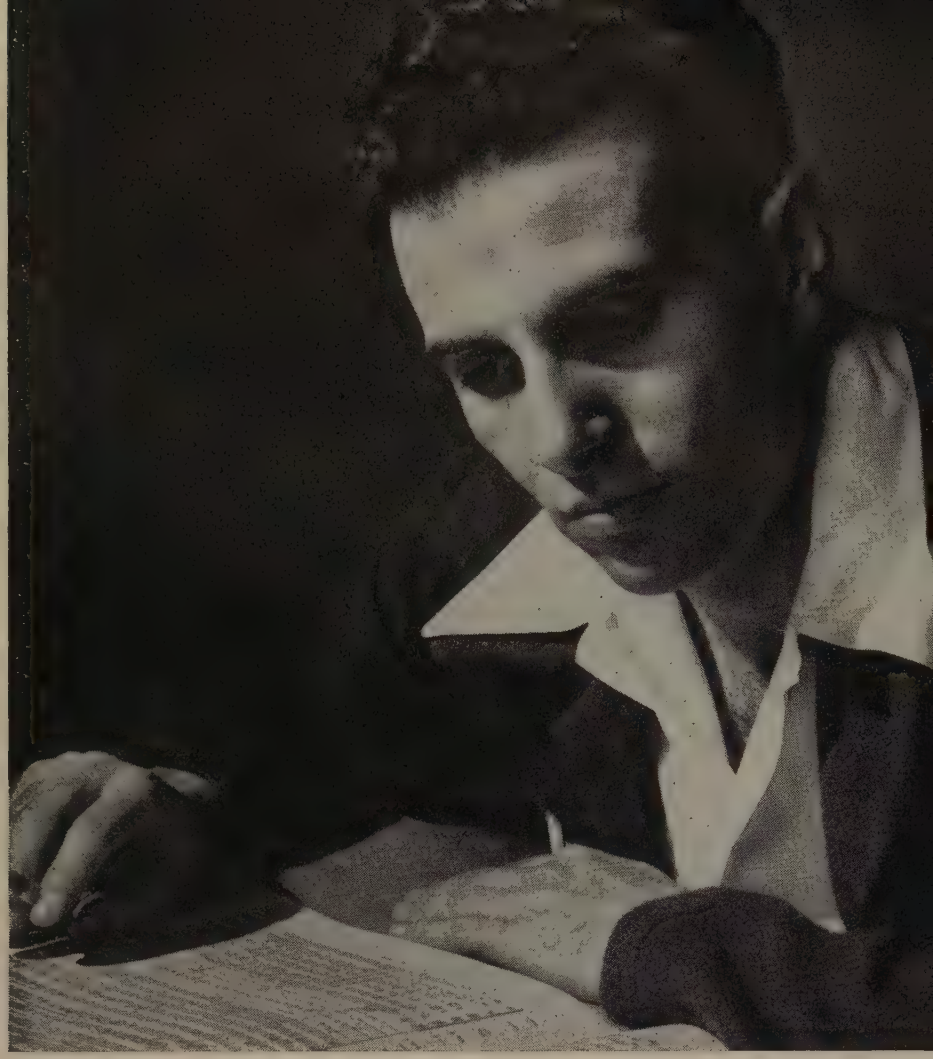
True to Chicago operatic tradition, the Lyric Theater has found artistic success, actual and potential, much easier to obtain than financial backing.

AFTER THREE YEARS of planning, organizing and fund raising, the group was ready to leave what it said was a "calling card" in February of this year.

It planned to give a performance of *Don Giovanni* on the 5th and, if that went well, a repeat on the 7th. Formidable talents were lined up to play the leading roles: Eleanor Steber, Bidu Sayao and Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, all of the Metropolitan, and Leopold Simoneau of the Paris Opera. Meanwhile, John Halloran was rehearsing the chorus and Edna McRae was getting the dancers ready.

By opening night all the seats were sold and the young caller was put under the scrutiny of 3,800 music lovers who wondered whether they would see Chicago opera reborn or witness

arol Fox, president of Lyric Theater, ands before board on which fund-raising lans are charted. Maria Meneghini-Callas ill be making her American debut when he sings the title role in *Norma*. Novem- er 1. Renowned in Europe, the beautiful oprano has rejected bids from the Metro- olitan Opera company. Nicola Rescigno ok law degree in Italy, then returned to .S. to study music. He is the company's rtistic director.



proof that it was beyond revival.

To make the test more crucial, *Don Giovanni* lacks the sure-fire popularity of *Carmen* or *La Traviata*, and is much more difficult to present effectively. The opening night audience waited tensely for the opera to begin. The curtain parted; the music started, and the house sat back and enjoyed it. They sat forward and enjoyed it. They disregarded how they were sitting and enjoyed it. So did the critics of the four newspapers, each of whom wrote glowing reviews. The second showing took place and it, too, sold out.

The Theater lost a total of $922.34 on the two performances. But Kelly, pointing out that costs per performance run much higher when two are given instead of 20, deemed the venture a financial success.

Encouraged by the musical and monetary developments of February, the leaders of the Lyric Theater swung into the task of organizing a full season for the fall. Miss Fox flew to Italy where she conducted an amazingly successful "shopping tour" for singers.

Her greatest accomplishment was the signing of Mme. Callas, who had four times refused offers from the Metropolitan. Tho born in Brooklyn, the beautiful soprano went to her parents' native Greece as a small girl and remained there until her recent operatic successes in Italy and England. She is the reigning sensation of European opera, and her acquisition by the Lyric theater is considered roughly equivalent to the purchase of Stan Musial by the Cubs.

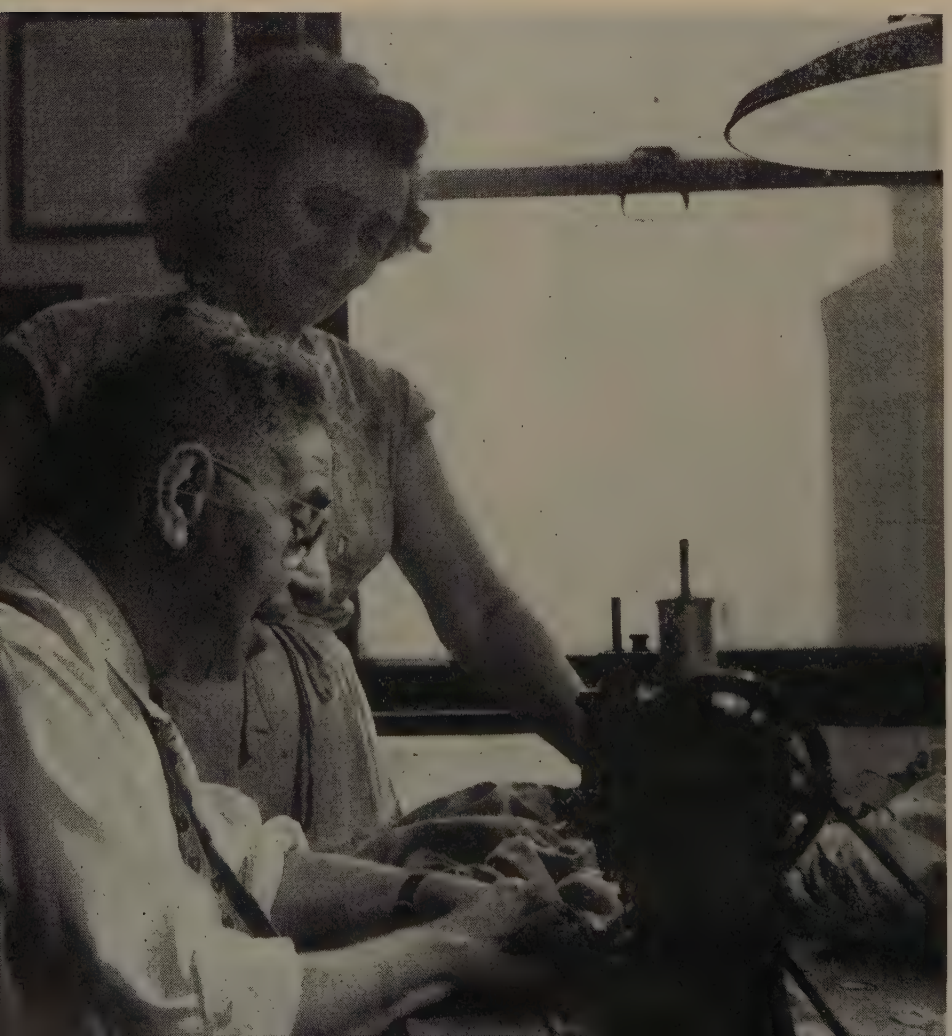
Like the Lyric Theater, the renowned La Scala of Milan will open its winter season with Mme. Callas singing *Norma*. She will fly from here Nov. 18 to be in Milan on time.

Also signed to make their American debuts with the Lyric Theater were baritone Tito Gobbi, known here for his numerous roles in opera movies, and Giulietta Simionato, an outstanding mezzo-soprano in the realm of old-style florid Italian music.

Giuseppe di Stefano, a tenor renowned in Italy and the United States, was obtained, and Rossi-Lemeni and Simoneau were added to Eleanor Steber as hold-overs from Feburary.

A number of factors are involved in the remarkable acquistion of European stars by the Lyric theater. One may be the sheer persistence of Miss Fox. Another is the reputation of Chicago in Continental opera circles, built so solidly in the golden age that it persists today among the older

Workmen touch up the old scenery for *Norma,* which will be the opening night presentation of Chicago's first resident opera season since World War II. Below: James Mongaluzzo, shown with an assistant, has been in charge of costume making for Chicago opera companies since 1911.



artists and has been handed down to the younger ones.

A third consideration is the genteel treatment accorded those foreign stars who were here in February. The Metropolitan's present management is known for treating European artists with a casualness that verges on outright discourtesy. Thus the word has gotten around that the Lyric theater offers an artist from overseas a chance to be treated like an artist.

"One of our purposes," Miss Fox has said, "is to create opportunities for young singers in Chicago so they won't have to go to New York in order to further their careers."

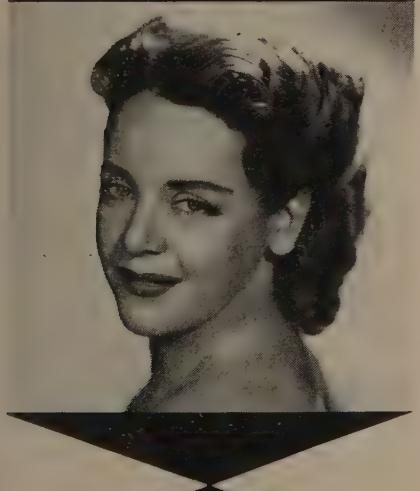
WHILE IN ITALY this spring, she received a visit from Lawrence White, a young Chicagoan who had given up singing with dance bands and was training for opera in Milan. She heard him and liked him and urged him to see her in Chicago when auditions were held in May. Three hundred singers turned out for these auditions and three were signed for roles in the season's performances. White is one; the others are Gloria Lind and Andrew Foldi. Miss Lind has appeared with the Chicago Symphony orchestra and sang last season with the New York City Opera company. Foldi has also sung with the symphony and is director of the opera workshop at De Paul university.

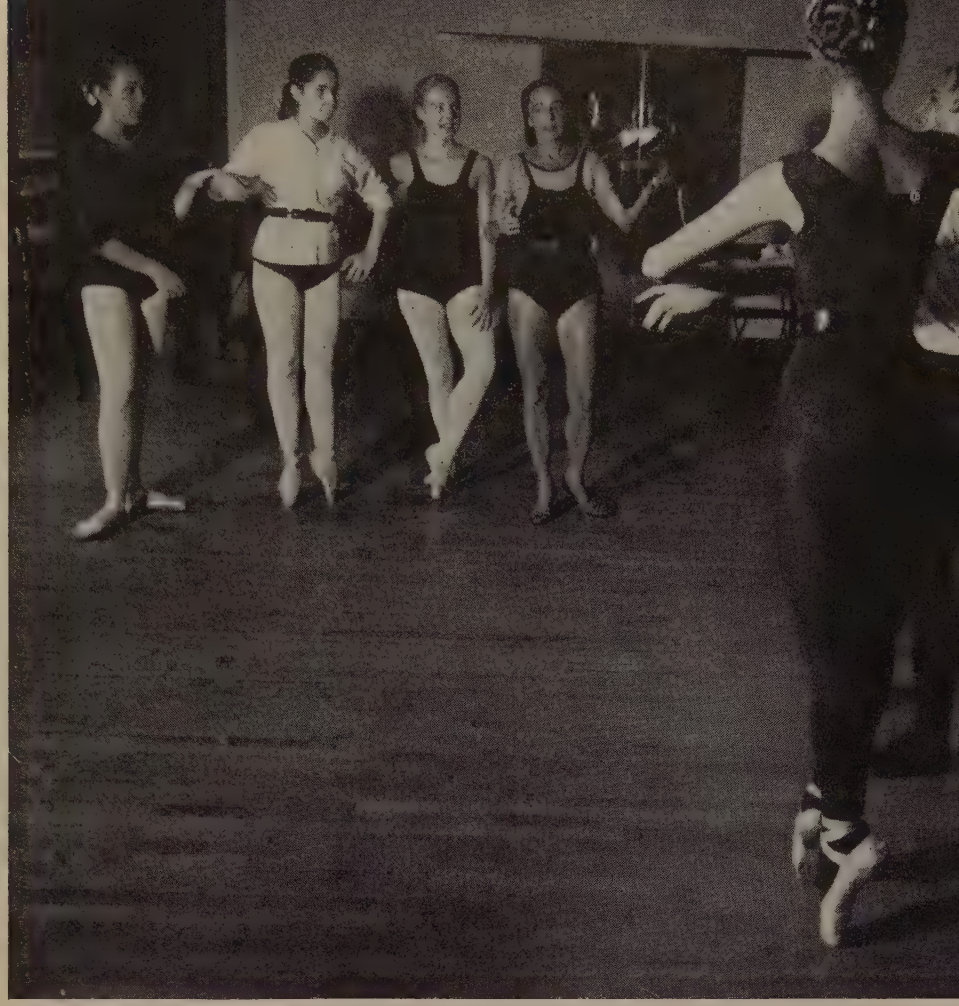
A hundred potential chorus members, most of them young Chicagoans, have been training three nights a week under Rescigno's direction. A ballet group is being rehearsed by Ruth Page, who in 1919 danced the title role in *Birthday of the Infanta,* the first major ballet commissioned by the Chicago Grand Opera company.

Over-all direction of the feverish activity involved in preparing a three-week season of opera is carried on directly by Miss Fox, whose office is near the stage on the second floor of what is now officially the Kemper building but is still called the Civic Opera building by everyone not employed by the Kemper Insurance Co.

Several rows of shelves near the entrance to the outer office are lined with large volumes containing a complete library of programs of every opera company in the city's history. The offices themselves are part of the vast suite occupied by the Civic Opera company in its prime. They are unpretentiously decorated now, and almost rudely furnished.

Miss Fox sat at a small table she uses as a desk in the inner office one morning and talked confidently about extending the season to five weeks next year and six in 1956. When she answered the phone she would hunch forward and hook her feet thru





Left: Artists, from the top, Giulietta Simionato, Lawrence White, Eleanor Steber, Tito Gobbi. Above: Aspirants for the ballet are put thru their pas by Ruth Page, at right in row facing camera, who 35 years ago danced in the first major ballet commissioned by a Chicago opera company.

the rungs of the chair as if it were a horse and she expected it to jump over the desk.

She is a brown-eyed brunette of medium height with a long face and rather large features, pleasant looking without being pretty. She is big-boned and worries about her weight, but sneaks "just a little" cream into her coffee and has a cigarette from time to time in opposition to the expressed wishes of her parents. She wears simple dresses. She has had hay fever for about 15 years and took shots for it every year until recently, when she decided to just suffer thru.

She speaks rapidly but listens patiently to what others are saying. Her voice has a lilt that hints at musical training.

"We've been running the office mostly with volunteer help from the Guild," she pointed out, "but we'll have to put on all union people about two weeks before the season opens." She launched into a detailed explanation of the subtleties of running a box office and how it takes a union man to do it right. She gave vague replies to questions about the history of Chicago opera. Here, it seemed, was not so much a revival of a defunct institution as a fresh start, one with a direction of its own and a limited interest in what its ancestors had done.

"Next year," Miss Fox was saying, "we'll import some Germans and do some Wagner. It doesn't make sense to bring them over here for only a couple of performances."

This year's program is essentially a standard one based on popular Italian works. But it does contain an off-beat touch with the first full-scale performance of "The Taming of the Shrew," a new opera by the American composer Vittorio Giannini which was completed in 1952 and rendered for the first time by the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra last year.

"One of our main objects," Miss Fox declared, "is to rejuvenate the standard repertoire, not necessarily thru production but thru the introduction of musical personalities new to our audiences."

She talked like the head of a permanent organization, as if the Kemper building might become the Civic Opera building again, or even the Lyric Theater building.

a story by Brack Harriman

Myopia revisited

Eight years ago I was wandering around Paris trying very hard to be arty. Not beret and rope-belt arty, but just moderately so. It's a phase most of us know, when, in college, we read about one artist and another, who could very easily have been a poet, starving to death and just completing his greatest sonnet as he passed from this world. Even if he was writing the sonnet, which doesn't seem likely, he was probably thinking of a hamburger with onions. No matter.

Anyway, I was wandering around when one day I got trapped in one of those French trains. The doors were stuck and this girl was trying to get out. We were sitting alone in the compartment and when she tried to get out she couldn't. I didn't feel bad about it. Altho I had been in Paris for a whole week, I hadn't met anyone and all I did was wander around looking at the landmarks where so and so starved to death, and then going out and eating a big meal.

Now, suddenly, this girl became a factor in my life. She was obviously French, with black hair, black eyes, a cute figure, and just pert as hell all over. You know the type, everything always seems to be pointing up.

"*Parlez-vous francais?*" I asked. This may seem like a ridiculous remark to make to a French girl, but as I said, I'd only been there a week and all I had done was look at places where people starved to death. When I saw those places where everyone starved to death, it always gave me a lump in my throat. I seemed to be hungry all the time in Paris. Besides, in Chicago they don't speak French.

Well, not very much," she answered, "but what I want to know is how to open this damn door." I turned around and looked out the window. After all, I could do this in Chicago. But she said, "The least you could do is to be a gentleman. Any *normal* person would be a gentleman under these conditions."

"Maybe I don't understand English," I said, "this is a French train and I could very easily be French. A normal girl should be able to think of those things."

"I guess you're just not the *least* intelligent. You know, you *do* have a Yale sticker pasted on the side of your suitcase, and I'm not so stupid that I don't notice anything."

"I'm majoring in English lit," I commented. "You know, the better to be a poet with."

Finally, in utter exasperation, I got up to help her with the door and managed not to open it for two more stops and that's how it all started.

I met her, this girl with the name of Robin, the next morning in front of one of those cafes where you drink wine practically sitting on the sidewalk, and we started to make an amateur tour of Paris. We spattered all over it like rain, falling from one section to another, visiting those places that Americans do, but we seemed to notice each other more than Paris. She wore cute little hats with flowers on them, pretty coquettish they were, and she acted very Parisy and grown-up. Of course, she *was* nineteen. She still has some of those flowers, she says, the ones that were on the hats, pressed in a book of poetry that she claims I read to her in Paris. I doubt it.

We walked the streets and avenues of the city from early till late and spent lazy, wonderful days and evenings sitting in parks and so forth. We traveled in our own beautiful shroud, engulfed in the fog that was our love. Too bad we didn't break our necks. She was from Pittsburgh.

Well, as you've probably guessed,

illustrated by Jack Nelson

we did arrive at an agreement and got married. I spent my last year longing for her and then decided to take the big step. Only two months after I graduated. It turned out it was a big step for her, too, because she sprained her ankle very badly coming down the church steps. She turned to wave goodby to her mother, ah, the last goodby, when some of the rice landed in her starry left eye and then because of the rice she couldn't see the stairs and tripped and fell.

That night, when they let me in for the visiting hour, I said, "Hello, Mrs. Thomas Anderson," and she answered, "Hello, Mr. Thomas Anderson." Anyway, it was nothing serious. The ankle, I mean.

We had no more accidents that first year; however, we did have a baby. It was a little girl and she wanted her named Giselle. It was a hangover from Paris and since that first year is always sweetness and light, I agreed. Giselle Anderson. What a name.

Having the baby was a funny thing, too. It shows how strange Robin is about even the important events in life. At the time, I wasn't too familiar with having babies, so when the time came close, I didn't know it. I mean I didn't realize how close. Robin went to the hospital for a so-called check-up for a couple of days, and a couple of nights later, after I had just seen her in the hospital in the morning, the front doorbell rang. When I opened it, no one was there, except when I looked down, there was this basket with Giselle in it.

She preferred to do practically everything in an odd, whimsical way. Most men get to wait in the hospital. I was denied that. At the time Giselle was certainly small.

It's been like that for six years now. Whenever the doorbell rings I become a little frightened. You never can tell what's going to be there. It it isn't a baby, it might be a bulldog.

There was this little bulldog there once which we kept for four years and he finally died, or rather we had him put away after he contracted rabies, probably from the children.

The second year a man begins to wonder, to conjecture a bit, and to realize that he hasn't traveled enough. Africa is a pleasant thought at this time. During this period the islands of the South Pacific emerge more glorified than in the stage play of the same name. But these thoughts are still buried in the subconscious, not causing hostility on the surface. This is because man is still numbed by his strange sacrifice. As you will see later, there are a lot more trying times than the second year.

That year was actually enjoyable. We had that bulldog and a baby and another on the way. We also took three weeks' vacation at the lake, my parents have a place there, and we also bought a nice little house in the suburbs, with grass and that sort of thing.

UPON GRADUATION, I had gone into the stock brokerage business and was doing very well for one of my age. At 23, I was moved up to assistant head of the margins department. In a firm the size of my father's, that's not bad at all.

The third year is — well, all I can say is it's the third year. We had a boy by the name of Robert. Robin figured out that I should have some pastime around the house instead of playing golf all the time and enjoying myself. The next day I couldn't get the car into the garage because of the garden tools. I nearly backed away and left forever, probably the only reason I didn't was because Robin caught me just as I

pushed the car into reverse.

I started gardening, but it couldn't be said that I had a green thumb. It was usually red, as I cut myself frequently and nothing grew very well, which may well have been from the dry seasons we've been having lately. I realize that the last statement is simple rationalization. I am incapable of communing with nature and dirt, but every year managed to bring forth a lot of hoggrass, or whatever it is, and be bitten by a lot of insects. And cut myself frequently.

I would say the third year is a suspension year. I hung like a small globule in colloidal suspension, sort of waiting for something to happen. It didn't.

The fourth year comes the glint in the eye. Now that I think back on it, Robin sort of passed by in the mist, and altho everything was still pointing up, she seemed to grow farther and farther away. Going down on the commuters' train in the morning, the girls were growing very, very pretty. They seemed to be raising a bumper crop even if the times were uncertain.

I watched television a lot that year, too.

I will have to admit that Robin hadn't changed much in those four long years. Her hair wasn't grey yet and her cooking was better than it had ever been, and it never had been bad. Also she sang as she worked around the house, a little off key, but still it sounded good to hear. The fourth can also be considered one of the middle years, pointed with resignation and acquiescence. We were still groping up one side of the triangle and the point wasn't reached till the fifth year.

This was the year this bulldog I was telling you about died. Harry, that was his name, created a void that lasted for months. It wasn't filled until one night when I got into bed in the dark and a collie bit me on the toe. His name was Arthur. Nice dog.

The climax came one Friday morning at the office. Joe Slipnicks said to me, "Say, Tom, I have a ticket for the Notre Dame game tomorrow, an extra one. How about going along?" He leered just enough to make it interesting.

"Well, I don't know," I said hesitantly. I have always liked football and Joe was okay, too, but I thought of my family.

"I FIGURED we'd leave tonight, have a good time in South Bend, see the game and come back tomorrow night. Come on, why not make a weekend of it." It sounded good. But I knew that if I did get to South Bend, I'd be like a bird that had forgotten how to use his wings. Old Wingless Anderson.

"Really, I can't, Joe, tonight's going to be one of those big nights. You know, we're having some of the relatives over. I would love to go, but it's just one of those nights. But keep me on tap for some other time. You know." We both knew. I was lying and as we parted, I felt like a damn fool. Why shouldn't I?

This got me to thinking. Here I was, twenty-five, and life was about as exciting as a garden tool. A hoe or something. Old Hoehead Anderson. Robbed of my virility, robbed of my masculinity, robbed of my freedom. I always did like football. Robin wasn't very de-

pendable, either. She was just one of those women — you never knew what was going to happen next.

Take last July, for example. One of those hot nights in July when the sweat soaked thru the shirt and after a day's work you were completely shot. Some men jumped out of their office windows on that very day — just from the heat.

Anyway, I came up the street and turned and started to walk up to the front door with the key in my hand. It was still light out, mind you, but still I could see the Christmas tree standing in front of the picture window. Naturally, I figured that the heat had been too much for me and I was insane. That wasn't the case, however.

Knowing Robin as I should have by this time, I should have known that it was perfectly understandable to have a Christmas tree in the living room in July. Why not?

Well, there was one. And when I entered, she screamed, "Surprise, surprise," and turned on the phonograph . . . *Silent Night*. Well, why not?

The turkey dinner was excellent, you know, with the cranberries and the downy potatoes and so forth. The children, too, appreciated it. They were four and three now and they were learning spelling and stuff like that. But I couldn't help worrying about the time factor in their education. Maybe even after they grew up, they would be celebrating Christmas at any old time of the year they felt like.

PSYCHIATRISTS KNOW about the fifth year. And we all must keep in mind that marriage is not a panacea for our myriad childhood ills. It is a compromise at best, really at the very best, and we must expect to take it with a pound of salt. It is the meeting of two minds, concentrating on a single purpose. I don't know what that purpose is, but during that fifth year I came to realize that the purpose was vague and beyond my realm of comprehension.

Anyway, this was September 15, just one month before our fifth anniversary, and I decided to make a clean break of it. Now I know what it's like to have a revelation. Giselle and Bob were old enough so she could handle them, and give reasonable explanations, and with the last raise, I could actually afford a divorce.

That reminded me of my father. He had a revelation once. Every night for years he played backgammon after dinner, and then one night it came to him that he hated the game. Never played it since.

Now I was on the commuters' special and only two stops from home, and suddenly I knew that this was the night. Our marriage was about as shiny as old pewter and there was no use prolonging it.

But when I walked up that familiar lane, I knew it wouldn't be easy, because I could see the preparations for some sort of festivity on the dining room table. In the semi-darkness that was fall, the light was on and there was a large candle on the table in the dining room. That candle, one of those great big ones they use on Christmas, was red, and I knew that it meant something. We had just finished Christmas last July, so it might be Easter or Father's Day or I don't know what else.

Against my judgment, I went in. Anyway, it turned out to be our fifth anniversary, only a month premature, which isn't so far off, and the table was fixed up as a reminder of our embryo courtship in Paris.

We ate by candlelight. This one candle really wasn't enough, and I seemed to eat the wrong things first, and after dinner I had a touch of indigestion. I didn't even mention it.

After the children went to bed, Robin and I sat in the living room and were quite unsuccessful in reconstructing old times and we finally went to bed. I sat on the edge of the bed for a minute and to get out used the lame excuse that possibly I had not locked the back door. I planned to just leave, walk out the door with no fuss, no

argument, and send for my things from town.

First, I decided to make sure the back door was locked, so I did and in the process tripped over the old Christmas tree on the back porch.

Passing thru the dining room, I stopped and sat down at the table. After all, I did have to decide where to go, where I would stay and so forth. I sat there in the darkness for a moment and then lit the candle, the one that gave me indigestion. Its reflection was a filament of fire dancing on the dark windows and I walked over to one of the windows and looked out. There was an orange harvest moon and with the summer's passing, a crispness about the trees and the lawn. Winter was close, all right. And that reminded me that soon I would have to take down the screens and put up the storm windows.

At this sickening thought, I went back to recuperate at the dining room table. The fire flickered on top of the candle. Robin seemed to be in the room. She wasn't. I looked around to make sure, but she did seem to be.

THE CANDLE, the Christmas tree on the back porch, the curtains pulled back, framing the window, the scent of her in the air, the artificial flower pressed in a book of poems. They were all Robin.

One thing I can't stand. These pictures you see in the newspapers all the time with the caption beneath, "Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Corning, today celebrating their 125th anniversary, are as happy today as they were 125 years ago." Here is this picture, with both of them standing there smiling and they always say something like, "Mary and I have always been happy. Every year has been worth it." He probably had a severe case of pneumonia all that fifth year. And she says, "I'd hate to try to find a better husband than Alfred." At this stage, what else can she say.

Anyway, if in 120 years some guy comes up to me and says, "My, Mr. Anderson, it certainly must be wonderful to be happily married for 125 years," I'll look at him quietly and say, "Yes, I've hated every blessed minute of it."

Anyway, I went into the living room and over to the bookcase. I picked up this book of poems with the artificial flowers pressed in it. It was in French and Robin couldn't understand a word and, as a matter of fact, I didn't know a word of French myself. That way neither of us knew just how bad my pronunciation was and, frankly, we didn't care. Of course, that was close to eight years ago. But I just happened to feel like reading a little French poetry before I left, so I took the book and went slowly up the stairs.

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MOVIES

FIT TO BE SEEN

The Cowboy, documentary directed by Elmo Williams. Loving examination of the West thru its humanity and its realities.

The Earrings of Madame De, French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, Vittorio De Sica. An inflated creampuff whose witty and earnest humaneness give it a chewy center.

The French Touch, French, Fernandel hilariously making good as a sheep trimmer who liberates "les belles Parisiennes."

Rear Window, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with James Stewart, Grace Kelly and Wendell Corey. Pyrotechnics of Peeping Tom Stewart who starts out with one broken leg and ends up with two broken legs, his smooching lady's admiration, and the Manhattan police's respect.

La Ronde, French, revival, 1951, directed by Max Ophuls, with Simone Simon, Danielle Darrieux, Gerard Philipe, Anton Walbrook, Isa Miranda and Fernand Gravey. Satire on the mating habits of Victorian Viennese, and, by implication, the rest of us.

Sabrina, directed by Billy Wilder, with Audrey Hepburn, Humphrey Bogart, William Holden, Walter Hampden and John Williams. Lively adaptation of Samuel

Taylor's play about contemporary Ci
derella seen from the chauffeur's lodg
on Long Island estate.

Suddenly, directed by Lewis Allen, wi
Frank Sinatra and Sterling Hayde
Tensely and impressively acted an
directed unfolding of Presidential assa
sination plot in a small California tow

Vanishing Prairie, directed by Wa
Disney. Magnificently photographed re
rospective panorama of the West: i
epic plains, its dignified buffalo her
and its prairie dog charmer.

On the Waterfont, directed by Elia Ka
zan. With Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cob
Eve Marie Saint, Karl Malden and Ro
Stieger. Budd Schulberg's script fro
articles by Malcolm Johnson has feelin
for people and environment but it
journalistic presentation on a bi
rather than dramatic analysis.

The grotesque nightcap

by Studs Terkel

There oughta be a law: no TV after midnight.

This is passing strange coming from me; I have never been a believer in curfew.

I have found music, whether it be Mozart or Jimmy Noone, especially rewarding after the witching hour. I have found conversation, perhaps urged on by a boilermaker or two, more sparkling in the a.m. than at a respectable hour. I have found reading in the dead of night more adventuresome.

Why, then, would I prohibit TV for children of the night?

I recognized my allergy the night an old friend visited me. I hadn't seen him in years; we had much to talk about. It was midnight or so when Old Grand-Dad died. By mutual consent, we retired to a tavern in the neighborhood.

MY RECOLLECTIONS of the place were heart-warming ones. The long bar, the waterproof schooners, the Santa Claus faces of the old boys. The bartender's greeting that would vary with the weather: "What would you give to be in Dawson, Alaska?" (This on a hot night.) "Hey, let's go to Tahiti, what do you say?" (This on a wintry night.)

This night, I was disturbed as soon as we entered the place. The drinks were the same; the barflies were slightly older, tho the same gents; same old host. Yet certainly something was different.

I found my attention wandering, tho my friend's conversation was as rich as ever. He asked me things; I tried to tell him. Suddenly, he jabbed with his finger: "Hey, where are you?"

"Look!" I cried out hoarsely. We looked. We were surrounded by zombies.

They were staring at the box on the wall. Jack Mulhall was talking. Or was it Edmund Lowe? His talk, his running, his slamming of the door brought forth no visible response from the viewers. No murmurs, no laughs, no tears. Nothing. They stared as tho under a voodoo spell.

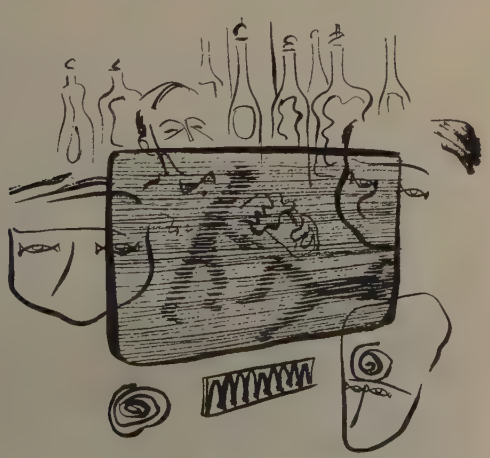
Where were the beaming faces of yesterday? Yes, even the maudlin drunk; I'd have welcomed him this night. At least he would have been alive. These people were dead. Not a creature was stirring. Not even a mouse.

The image on the box now changed. A chubby young man of vacuous mien was mumbling about household appliances. It was the commercial. The viewers remained in their state of deep freeze. Now I knew the secret of Polk Brothers' success! They were on at a time of no sales resistance. No resistance at all! Nothing.

Jack Mulhall took over again. Or was it Donald Woods? Anyway, somebody slammed another door.

We didn't. We just slinked off the stools and oozed our way out into the night. The Santa Clauses and the bartender were still mesmerized.

WHAT KILLS ME is the absolute absence of joy in this matter. If the viewers got a kick out of what they were seeing, fine. Who am I to deny pleasure to others? But this item was missing. I know it for a cold, hard fact. There was no joy, there was no disgust, there was no feeling, deep or surface, of anything. There was nothing.



I remember my own experience during the days the television set was first brought into the house. It was a new toy; experimentation and exploration were called for. All kinds of programs were watched, with some degree of fascination. Even the post-midnight movies.

It was immediately after the movie ended that I recognized the heavy, torpid, drugged effect of it. I'm sure that all of us have at one time or another had this sensation; one that makes you sore at yourself. The question you ask: How could I allow myself to swallow this mild Mickey Finn? Two hours gone, during which I've been completely deprived of my thoughts and my emotions.

It is the *nature of this medium* plus *the time of night* that does it. Many times, I've been in bars watching the fights on TV, between the hours of nine and ten. There is life: if not on the screen, at least in the bar. There are visible, audible reactions, whether of excitement or of nausea. Something happens to the people as they watch the box on the wall. Sometimes, they pay no attention to it at all. And drink their drinks. So much the better. But, no matter what they do or don't do, they are alive.

I have no intention of being unfair to olden movies. Live performers, too, at this hour, knock you out. Not in the sense they mean, I'm sure. Joni James' story of her success, told at the hour of 12:45 a.m. to a disk jockey obviously interested only in the story of his own success, has the same effect as Jack Mulhall opening and closing doors. Or was it J. Carroll Naish?

No matter who it was or is or will be, there oughta be a law: no TV after midnight.

In and out of the house

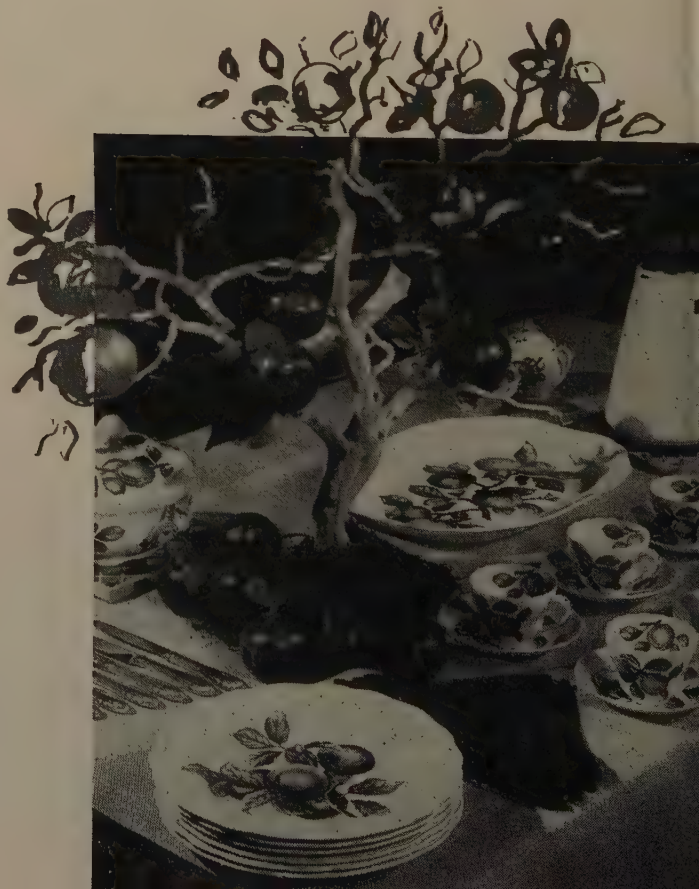
Harvest tables

These tables can provide autumn inspiration for china as well as ideas for fall centerpieces. For this fall's harvest table the centerpiece may suggest lavish nature and bountiful crops. The fresh fruits and vegetables that make the menu more interesting this season can also spice table decoration.

A sheaf of wheat patterned in a lovely russet tone appropriately called "Harvest" is currently featured by Carson Pirie Scott & Co. in its china department. $11.95 for 16-piece starter set.

A small wood tree with apples attached (maybe taffy apples for a party) is a centerpiece for this buffet table set with Spode's apple pattern. Hand-filled design in natural tones gives this china real charm and dignity. Marshall Field & Co.

Trimmed in gold, this English bone china by Spode, named "Black Grape," seems both traditional and contemporary because of its classic features and current colors — black and white. This is a reproduction of period 1808. Demitasse is "Parker shape." Goblet and cordial also English: Stuart "Savoy." All rare finds at Tatman's.



For a very few: coffee after dinner; or maybe after the hunt. A unique set of Royal Doulton bone china, "Reynard the Fox." Made in England, the set is unusual and rare. Note the "whip" handles and the "can shaped cup." Featured at Findlay Galleries.

An unusual table setting with all the fun of a country farmyard is this fine stoneware designed by Eva Zeisel, one of the foremost among contemporary pottery designers. It's called "Pennsylvania Dutch" and combines grey-beige with a blueberry blue. Introduced by Carson Pirie Scott & Co. $12.95 for a 16-piece starter set.

by Don J. Anderson

photos by William Miller

Appropriate for fall festivities is this American china by Homer Laughlin: "Modern Pastoral." And at the side of this colorful dinnerware, small fruits laid in a garland — fitting for individual place settings or perfect for the one-setting tray table. All from Mandel's.

There is no need to go to great expense for autumn decorations. One can look right in the corner grocery store for shiny apples and clusters of grapes, as well as vegetables to be scrubbed clean and made to glisten with a light rubbing of olive oil.

Coach and Four

OUTFITTERS TO GENTLEWOMEN

. . . a Delightful New Way to Shop in an Old Historical Setting

On U.S. Grant Federal Highway #20, one mile east of Marengo, this elegant estate was a center of social life during the civil war. Many prominent people visited here, including Abraham Lincoln.

Today its exquisitely blended antique and modern atmosphere creates a perfect background for you to leisurely view our collection of:

Coats . . . Suits . . . Dresses
Hats . . . Gloves . . . Jewelry
Bags . . . Hosiery . . . Sportswear
Lingerie . . . Gifts

In This Salon Smart Hair Cutting Is a Fine Art

Notes from Mr. Denney

BECAUSE we feel a good basic haircut is so very important (especially to the working woman who takes care of her own hair) our staff is personally trained in the art of fine haircutting.

Each is a specialist, able to cut and shape the individual contours to your face — and best of all, is happy to make suggestions for the proper care and management of your hair at home. Because it's worth money to you to look your best on the job, because you're almost always pressed for time . . . your best bet is a good basic haircut at regular intervals. We like the young, well-shaped cut that can be brushed different ways for your casual or more formal hours.

Now's the time for the lift that a trim, neat, new hair-do can give you. Especially for "just a cut" you are welcome. Come in for your complimentary consultation at no extra charge. Haircuts start at $2.

Call RAndolph 6-1500 for a Chicago appointment today! In the western suburbs call FLeetwood 2-2800.

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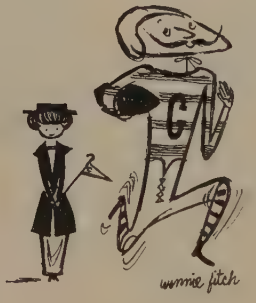
CHAS. A. STEVENS & CO.
CHICAGO, LA GRANGE PK.

Time capsule

75 YEARS AGO. Ten residents of the village of Hyde Park were fined $3 and costs each in October, 1879, after they had been apprehended holding dog fights at the state line. They pleaded unsuccessfully that the canine combat had actually taken place in Indiana . . . Reports showed that the **First National** was the largest of the city's eight national banks, with deposits totaling $8,717,457 . . . The Citizens association devoted most of its annual meeting to discussing ways and means of eliminating the stench emanating from the stock yards . . . **C. H. Slack** on Madison street claimed to be "the only grocery house in the Great Northwest able to supply fresh roasted Java coffee." It was priced at 28 to 33 cents a pound.



50 YEARS AGO. In October, 1904, the Boston store announced plans for a $2,500,000, 18-story building . . . **Frank Parmelee,** who had founded Chicago's first omnibus line in 1853, died at 87 in his suite at the Palmer House . . . Work was begun on a $60,000 mausoleum in Graceland cemetery to house the body of recently deceased Potter Palmer . . . Thousands of people were being vaccinated daily after a **small pox epidemic** started in the stock yards area and spread to other parts of the South Side . . . **Walter Eckersall** led the University of Chicago football team to victories over Purdue, Iowa and Northwestern . . . **The Northern Trust Co.** planned a $1,000,000 building at La Salle and Adams.

25 YEARS AGO. Two of Gordon C. Thorne's three ex-wives were suing him for back alimony in October, 1929. He had just taken his fourth bride, who was to become the mother of Montgomery Ward Thorne . . . **Dr. Frederick Stock** began his 25th season as conductor of the Chicago Symphony orchestra . . . The Midway Gardens, designed by **Frank Lloyd Wright** to be a center of refined entertainment, was torn down to make way for a gas station. It had been erected at 60th and Cottage Grove in 1914 and had degenerated into a tavern and roller skating rink by the time it felt the wreckers' axes. . . The Athletics beat the Cubs, four games to one, in the World Series . . . **Charles H. Wacker** died at 73 at Lake Geneva.

Country cornucopia

by Eleanor Langdon and Jeannette Oates

Reluctant October, not to be hurried by season or almanac but pouring forth the summer's bounty, is a time for plenteous tables.

The countryside and vegetable markets that dot the highways and even invade city thorofares are overflowing with freshly picked tasseled corn, oxheart tomatoes in quantities that lure the city dweller used to buying one or two, purple aubergine, garlands of tiny red peppers, the small silver-skinned pearl onion, melons that have ripened sufficiently on the vine before being picked, baskets of Concord grapes, baby gourds, squash, snap beans, cucumbers, plums, pears and early apples. Here, too, there are honey, corn chowder, piccalilli, and apple butter.

All this abundance is a little overwhelming to the shopper used to the standardized fare of the average mechanized market that today supplies fruit and vegetables from South America around the calendar. No wonder the urban shopper enjoys a share of the Midwest harvest not done up in cellophane. He brushes a bee off the fuzzy coat of a peach before sinking his teeth in its yielding goodness, and sniffs the mingling fragrances that retain something of growing things that reach perfection on home soil under a hot prairie sun. He's glad that it's still possible to get a whiff of clover hay and to find small farm stands with home-grown or home-preserved delicacies, on off-base roads in the fast disappearing hinterlands.

The true gourmet, not to be confused with the poseur, is the man who savors the trout caught just before lunch or the visitor who enjoys a crock of mealy baked beans (without molasses) served with dark, thin chili sauce and warm, crusty bread just out of the oven, followed by a bowl of blackberries with clotted cream. He is also the city-conscious diner or host who has a collection of fascinating tidbits, sauces, condiments and spices which, if not appealing to the uninitiated palate, still provides conversation or is fun.

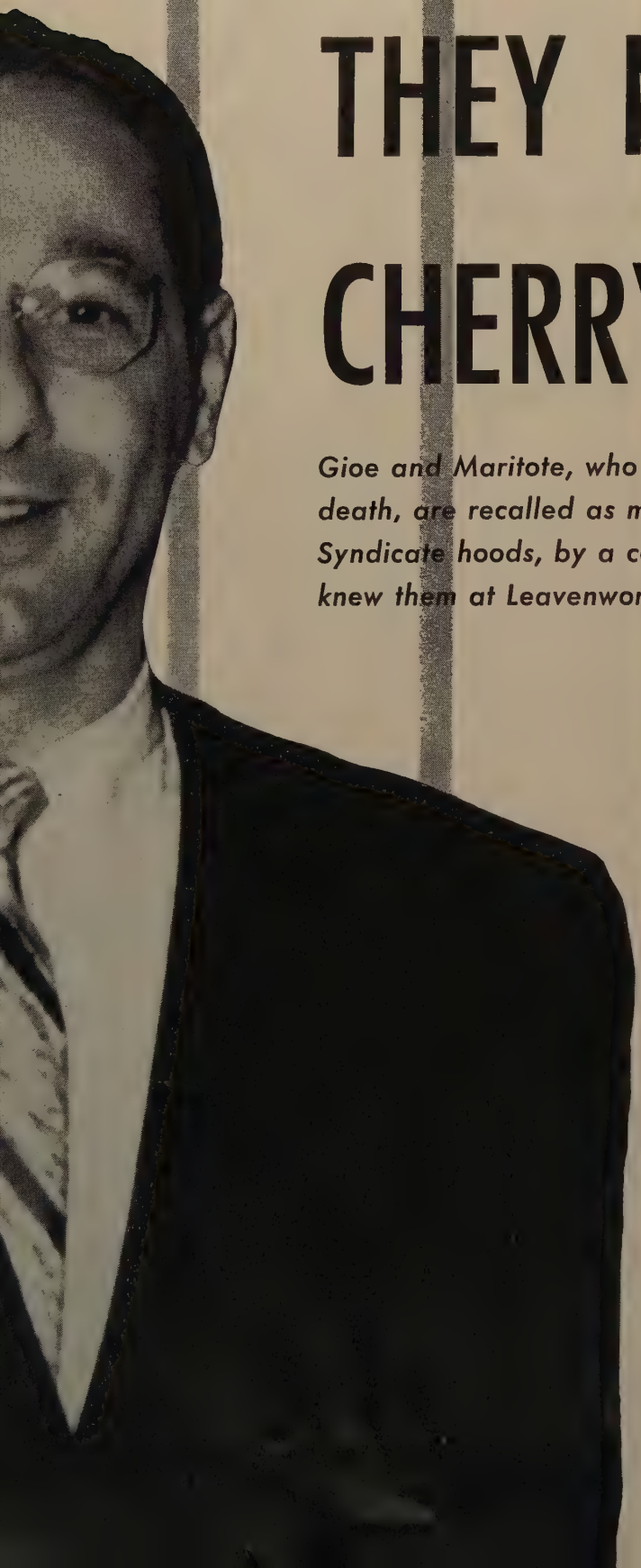
The fancy food shops carry an amazing line of specialties for those who

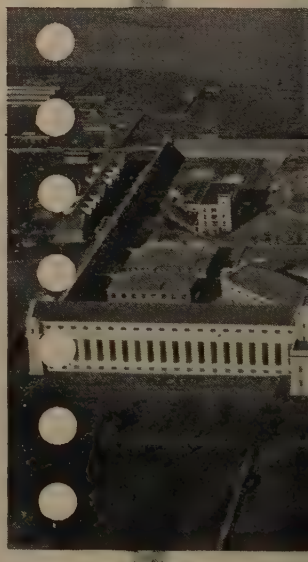
would build a reserve shelf at home, and many companies in remote spots do a thriving mail order business. There are tinned snails and an accompanying bag of snail shells to serve them in; excellent shad roe; rattlesnake meat; smoked cubed turkey or turkey pate; stuffed oranges; English and Scotch tea biscuits and saltwater crackers; cockscombs imported from France; chestnut paste; whale meat steaks; kangaroo tail soup; black bean soup with smoked turkey; ready-cooked wild rice; imported French mustard made with white wine and packed in charming little pots; garlic dressing with French chablis wine in table decanter; nesselrode topping; ginger beer in brown bottles (non-alcoholic and fine for youngsters' parties); Widow's Mite vinegar; chopped chives; smoked Holland oysters with pure olive oil; pineapple sticks for drinks, salads, desserts; smoked rainbow trout; Dihon black currant syrup; and a new Ming tea impregnated with orange flavor.

ONE OF THE MOST interesting new customer-service businesses to blossom out recently is Telefood, Inc., which is an organization that telegraphs fancy food baskets and gift packages to any part of the world. It works like this: you want to send a gift of unusual foods amounting to, say, $10. You visit Stop and Shop, Mangel's in Wilmette (same as the florist), Rossin's at 2320 e. 71st st., O'Donnell's at 1051 n. Rush st., Picturesque at 901 w. 63rd st., the River Forest Market, the Red Door in Evanston, to name a few. You communicate your wishes to the shop and instructions are wired to the nearest Telefood member establishment, which forwards the goodies.

THEY NEVER CALLE CHERRY NOSE

Gioe and Maritote, who followed him to death, are recalled as men, not just Syndicate hoods, by a convict who knew them at Leavenworth and later.





y Gordon Shelly

IM

A news broadcast from Chicago early Thursday morning, August 19, made me recall a day in 1946. It made me recall that particular day and it also made me remember a fellow named Charles (Cherry Nose) Gioe. And a few days later, Sunday, August 22, when I heard the news about Frankie Maritote, I began to assemble the memories into a clear picture, a picture of the man they never called Cherry Nose, and another man, a bull-like, dark-skinned, sullen one who crawled into a prison bed every night with the fear of death so strong you could almost smell it.

Prison radio systems are usually three-network hookups with earphones wired to each cell. You can't pick and choose particular stations, but you do manage to get a well-rounded program schedule because each of the three channels carries a different national network. I was plugged in on the "red," the channel reserved for programs directly from Chicago, and this fellow was detailing national and international news. He finally got around to local news. The words spilled out of the earphones:

"SUDDEN DEATH caught up with Charlie (Cherry Nose) Gioe last night. The balding Capone mobster was cut down by five slugs as he entered his car which was parked on west Erie, near Angelo's, a pizza house on Ogden avenue. Gioe, you will recall, was one of four top Syndicate racketeers who were convicted and sentenced to ten-year terms in federal prison for the multi-million-dollar extortion plot against the movie industry. Police . . ."

Gioe. Charlie Gioe, the guy who, in 1946, told me he wouldn't live to see 50; the guy who, when he walked, gave the impression he had sharp rocks in his shoes, the result of a bad case of bunions; the guy who was serving a ten-year bit for his part in the gigantic movie shakedown.

Charlie (Cherry Nose) Gioe. Only people never called him Cherry Nose. It just wasn't a good idea. Joey V. gave me that information in 1946. We were sitting in an office on the second floor of the hospital in the United States penitentiary at Leavenworth.

Joey was a bank robber out of Kansas City by way of Chicago.

I was building a five-year bit I carried out of Oklahoma City in January of 1946 for my part in the wholesale jailbreak that resulted in one of the largest manhunts ever conducted in the Southwest. I was building it as clerk for the chief medical officer, with an office on the second floor of the hospital and a bit more freedom than the average convict has.

Joey V. wanted a favor. That was the reason for his sudden summer afternoon visit. I was in a position where I could take care of certain favors.

A pot of coffee was brewing on an "illegal" hotplate. Joey had checked the corridor outside the office and assured me that the hack (guard) had taken a powder. When the coffee was ready, I poured Joey V. a glass, filled another for myself, and said, "Okay, what's the story?"

Joey settled back in his chair. "There's a fella wants to have a talk with you about a friend," he said.

I waited.

"You know the guy, Shelly."

Joey hesitated long enough to fish a pack of cigarettes out of his shirt pocket. He flipped me one, waited until I had a light, and then gave me the rest of the pitch.

"Gioe," he said. "Charlie Gioe."

The name was familiar and I kicked it around until it matched a face I remembered: a sharp-featured, big-nosed, bespectacled face; and I recalled a few other details that went with the face. Among them the fact that Gioe was a clerk in the hospital's out-patient clinic and altho we worked in the same building and had almost daily contact, I could not recall ever speaking to him.

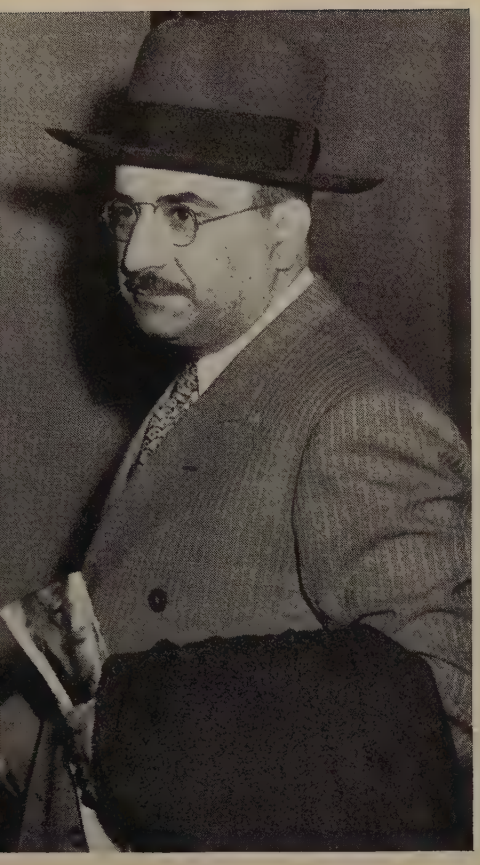
I knew about Gioe and I knew about his "rap" partners, Paul (The Waiter) Ricca, Louie (Little New York) Campagna, Phil D'Andrea, Frank Maritote, who was called Frankie Diamond in and out of prison, Nick Circella, alias Nick Dean, and a couple other lesser hoods, one from Los Angeles, the other from New Jersey.

THEY WERE TOP men in the rackets, all of them, and this put them in a class far removed from the average convict. It put them in a class where, under ordinary conditions, they wouldn't ask, they'd command, and someone would jump. But confinement in Leavenworth penitentiary with Walter Hunter as warden was not confinement under ordinary conditions. According to Hunter there were no "big shots" in prison; not his prison. Everyone got the same treatment, so it was not uncommon to find a strictly small-timer in a key position in the prison, on a job where he could take care of certain things for certain people.

I was in this postion, so I could understand Gioe's need for a favor. But why send an errand boy in advance of his visit? I put that question to Joey V. and he grinned.

"Gioe's big time, kid," he said. "And like all top guys, he doesn't like a 'no' when he asks a favor. So to

CHERRY NOSE



Phil D'Andrea, described by Shelly as the Outfit's cry baby, as he looked in 1943 when he surrendered on the motion picture extortion charge.

make sure his request will get a good reception, he sends an advance agent."

It made sense. When a guy hits the big time, either on the legit or in the rackets, it does something to his ego. Out on the street, Gioe would probably say, "I want this" and that would end it. He'd get whatever he wanted and quick, without fuss. But there in Leavenworth, where his position in the scheme of things was no different from that of the kid doing a couple years for driving a stolen car over a state line, the situation was a bit different.

"What's he want from me?" I asked.

Joey grinned again. "He'll give you the story," he said.

"Cherry Nose," I said, half to myself. "Cherry Nose Gioe."

Joey stopped grinning.

"Don't make a mistake, kid," he told me. "A favor doesn't give you an 'in'."

"Take it easy," I said.

"Just the same, you've got to understand."

"What brought this on?" I said.

"People just don't call him Cherry Nose," said Joey, and he was serious. "They never called him Cherry Nose, even after the cop hung the tag on him."

I recalled the story. Gioe had been in a gambling joint when a couple of goofed-up hoods took the joint and one of them resented something Gioe said. He took a swipe at Gioe's nose, raking it with his gun and leaving it a bulky, bloody mess. A cop who hit the scene a short time later, took one look and said, "Ah, Cherry Nose." The tag stuck, but, according to Joey V., it wasn't kicked around openly.

"Mostly newspaper guys and punks with no sense called him Cherry Nose," Joey explained. "News guys got a license, but not the punks, and they find out when it's too late."

The talk continued for about 30 minutes and I got a piece-by-piece picture of Charlie Gioe, racket boss, suspected killer, Capone mobster and convicted extortionist.

It was a typical lopsided ganglandtype picture, sprinkled well with mystery, awe and fear, and I was surprised to hear Joey V. paint this picture because in his day, Joey himself had been considered in the big time class. You expect a small time hood to fear and respect, almost idolize, big time racketeers, but you don't expect this same reaction from a man who, at one time, was just as deadly, just as cunning and just as ruthless as the man he is talking about.

Today, I understand Joey V. and his reaction. It wasn't Gioe as a person who had produced the fearful respect so evident in the bank robber from Kansas City by way of Chicago. It was Gioe as representative of the giant octopus we call the Syndicate.

Gioe was the Syndicate, just as Ricca, Campagna, Maritote and others were the Syndicate, the Combine, the Outfit, the monster nursed from a puny, loose-knit organization that had been subservient to the old Chicago branch of the Unione Siciliano to a group that has become the Enforcer, the Muscle for the international crime cartel, the Mafia.

There is something else I understand, too. My contacts with top racket people and with the rackets, in the free world, were touch-and-go, never deeply involved or lasting, and for this reason I never really got inside the door. But if this had been different, if I had become a member of the Syndicate (and all that is necessary for membership is to take their money), I, too, would have developed fearful respect for Gioe and what he represented.

You've got to burn your fingers before you learn to fear fire. You must taste the lash before you tremble at its mention.

Charlie Gioe walked into the office about an hour after Joey V. left. I was brewing another batch of coffee. Gioe was direct, to the point. He sat down, accepted a glass of coffee, and said, "A friend of mine is sick."

I settled in the chair behind the desk and looked at Gioe. He had a narrow face, deeply dimpled chin and what looked like gray-green eyes. The most prominent of his features was his nose. A pair of steel-rimmed spectacles perched on its bridge. He was dressed in whites. In Leavenworth if you work in the kitchen, as a nurse in the hospital, or as a clerk in the clinic, you wear whites. The rest of the population wears prison grays.

REGULATION ISSUE shoes graced Gioe's big feet, and I could not help but notice the slits on the inside of each shoe. Gioe had a bad case of bunions.

"This friend of mine belongs in the hospital," he told me. His voice seemed overly loud in the small room. This was another Gioe trait, a definite part of his personality. He got loud in ordinary conversations, and when in an argument he completely lost control and his voice became a shout.

I asked him about his friend and he told me the lab technician had run a urinalysis and it revealed four-plus sugar.

"He's got diabetes," said Gioe.

He had not mentioned his friend's name. He was throwing out the feelers. Altho Joey V. had enacted the role of advance agent and presumably everything was arranged, Gioe wasn't going out on the limb. He wanted my reaction.

"He *should* be in the hospital," I said.

Gioe loosened up a bit.

"I could arrange for the check-in," he said. "But it might be better if you did. It won't attract too much attention that way."

I told Gioe I'd take care of his friend. I reached for a check-in slip.

"Name and number?" I asked.

"Paul Ricca. Number ....," he said.

Ricca! This *was* news. Ricca, the number two man in the Syndicate, a spot he maintained in the organization even while serving out his bit for Uncle Whiskers.

When Gioe had mentioned "friend," my first thought had been Phil D'Andrea. D'Andrea had been in the hospital several times and the doctors were a bit fed up with the whining

Syndicate big shot. He was the cry baby of the Outfit, and it's my opinion that Ricca and the others babied him because they feared his mouth; feared it while they were in prison where they could not take care of it.

I told Gioe I would take care of the check-in and he thanked me, got up and walked out of the office. Hobbled is a better word. The bunions. They really gave him hell.

THAT NIGHT I had Ricca in one of the private rooms reserved for the seriously ill. When I went down there to get the necessary medical history, Gioe was sitting in a chair alongside the bed. When I walked in he grinned, flashing a neat row of teeth.

"Shelly," said Gioe, "this is Paul Ricca."

"Charlie told me what you did," said Ricca, as if that took care of everything. It did as far as I was concerned.

I looked at the man in the bed and was shocked at his appearance. His face was pale, with the skin drawn tight over the high cheekbones. A bright sheen covered his dark eyes. There was a slightly yellow tinge to his flesh and the veins in the slender hands stood out like tightly drawn cords. He had lost a lot of weight. He was a very sick man.

I asked Ricca certain questions about his medical background and he answered them. Except for a slight accent, he had a well-modulated, soft voice. When I finished I left.

The next day I got together with the diet cook on the third floor.

"Steaks for Ricca," I said.

He grinned. "Friend of yours?"

"Friend of a friend of a friend."

That afternoon Joey V. walked into the office, his arms filled with cartons of cigarettes. He dumped them on the desk. He was grinning.

"For you, kid," he said. "Compliments of the boys."

"What boys?"

"You know," he said. "Ricca, Campagna, Gioe . . ."

"Uh-uh," I said, cutting him short.

He stopped smiling. "I don't get it."

"I don't play that way, Joey," I said.

"This is different," he insisted.

"Not with me," I told him. "I don't hustle cons and they're convicts just like you and me."

I piled the cigarettes in his arms and he walked out of the office shaking his head from side to side, a completely puzzled convict. "The boys won't like it," he said just before leaving. "They like to pay their way."

If my attitude bothered "the boys" it did not show on the surface. Gioe and Ricca were overly cordial. Ricca liked company. Most of the time he had all he could handle. When Gioe had a free minute, he was there, and practically everyone who worked in the hospital made overtures to Ricca or one of the others. This is behavior typical to the rank and file convict. Here was a big shot, a wheel, and if they could get an in with him, they had it made when they hit the bricks.

Ricca would listen to them, watch them fawn and grovel, and when they had exhausted their routines, dismiss them with a thin smile and a polite word.

One day I walked in and he had another visitor: a short, stocky man with dark eyes and tight, unsmiling lips. When I turned to leave, Ricca called me back.

"Shelly," he said. "This is Louie. Louie Campagna."

Campagna gave me his equivalent of a smile. It was a fleeting thing, there one second and gone the next, and I got the idea he never smiled much; that it was out of place on his face. He was pleasant, and if I had expected "dese," "dose" and "dem" in his speech, I was disappointed. He was quiet-spoken. His voice had a deep quality and his speech was good.

All of them surprised me in one way or another.

Ricca was in the hospital several weeks and in that time I became very well acquainted with most of the members of the Outfit. D'Andrea I tried to dodge. Maritote, I learned, was a hypochondriac who was firmly convinced his ticker would give out before Uncle Whiskers released him. He went to bed afraid every night; you couldn't help noticing it.

Gioe was the brainy one of the group, as well as the loudest. He would argue any subject in the book, and he could produce a factual and sensible argument. He was well-educated and he had rich tastes he did not acquire in the Chicago slums. He could talk music, art, history, literature and other subjects a person does not associate with hoods.

There was a bit of the clown in Gioe, too. Practical jokes were a hobby with him. But he could be just as serious as he was funny.

HE GOT SERIOUS with me late one afternoon. We were sitting in my office, with the conversation on music and books. It was a fall day and dismal outside with very little light coming thru the window. Gioe had been talking about a novel just published when suddenly he stopped right in the middle of a sentence.

At first I didn't give it much thought, but when he did not pick up the conversation after a few minutes I looked over at him. He was sitting in the chair and staring out the window. He was a thousand miles from there, and I didn't say anything. Finally he swung around to face me.

"It's a hell of a life, Shelly," he said.

"Prison is hell," I said.

He smiled and this time it wasn't forced. "You miss the point," he said. "I wasn't talking about prison. I was talking about life – period. Take for example the character in this book we were talking about. Raised in the slums with poverty breathing down his neck, so he makes a vow to do something about it. So he spends the rest of his life fighting his way to the top of the heap and on the way a lot of people are trampled into the dirt. But it doesn't bother him, not then.

"So what happens? He reaches the top. He's a big man. He's got the world on a string, financially and otherwise, and when he looks around, who's standing by his side? No one! Beneath him are the people he kicked in the teeth in his climb to the top. They hate his guts. In the background are the people who are waiting for him to make one slip so they can move in on him and take over his position. Above him – nothing. And inside, a cold empty feeling, loneliness, maybe a bit of fear."

This was a Charlie Gioe very few people have glimpsed. People who are acquainted with his unsavory past may scoff at these revelations. But these people never really got close to him. He was probably everything they

Louis (Little New York) Campagna and his wife on their way to Federal court in Atlanta, when Campagna was fighting to keep his parole from Leavenworth.

say he was. He was more, actually. He was that oddity – an intellectual hood, an educated gangster. And like all intelligent men he was a dreamer, a thinker, a man with a conscience. This may very well be the thing that brought about his violent death.

I do not know what prompted him to give me a glimpse of the inner Gioe. I do know that when he got up to leave the office, he stopped at the door and said, "It's hell when you're 40 and you know you'll never live to see 50."

He never bothered to explain. When he turned and walked down the corridor, I watched him hobble away and thought: There he goes. The man they never call Cherry Nose.

In the days that followed, Gioe reverted to type. He became the clown and the loud-mouthed intellectual who would argue any given subject with anyone at any given time.

Time moved for all of us, and 1946 became 1947. Frankie Maritote continued to whine about his heart. He was locking (living) on the first gallery in B cellhouse and when I would pass him in the morning on the way to the hospital, I'd say, "How's things, Frankie," and he'd answer, "Thank God I'm alive."

D'Andrea was in and out of the hospital. There was talk among Gioe and the others about a possible medical parole for him if "other plans" did not materialize. The other plans involved parole. They were never open in their discussions of this particular subject and they never included Maritote and Nick Circella in those hush-hush conversations.

FROM WHAT I could observe there was open enmity: Circella versus Gioe, Ricca, Campagna and D'Andrea; and Maritote against Ricca, Campagna and D'Andrea. Of the big four, Gioe was the only one who was friendly toward Maritote.

Summer, 1947, moved into August and Gioe and the others went before the parole board. The "others" did not include Maritote and Nick Dean. There was an air of subdued excitement among the institutional parole officials and among Gioe and the others. It reached its peak when Gioe, Campagana, Ricca and D'Andrea were granted paroles. Gioe came out of the parole room with sweat beading his forehead, his hands trembling and a feeble smile on his face. Campagna and Ricca were unmoved. D'Andrea almost sobbed openly.

Gioe, Ricca and Campagna gave me the handshake one week later. D'Andrea followed them thru the front gates. The whole joint was buzzing. It was an unheard of thing, release seven days after parole has been granted. In all other cases parole processing took not less than 30 days.

I finally saw daylight in September, 1949. The breaks came my way and I found myself working for a newspaper in Flint, Michigan, first as a sports writer, then as a feature man.

In 1950 luck hit me right between the eyes in the form of a specialized radio disc jockey program. The money rolled in and with it came prestige. I was sitting on top of the world. In September, Judy, my girl friend, said, "Angie wants us to drop in," and I said, "This week-end." Angie was her sister who lived in Chicago.

We made the trip, and on the way I got a bright idea. I'd contact Charlie Gioe. He'd show us the town. I told Judy the story and she was duly impressed when I mentioned his connections. I wondered where to contact him. I tried to think of the name of a hotel Gioe had given me while in Leavenworth.

"If you're ever in Chicago, look me up," he had said. "Maybe I can make all this right with you."

I FINALLY REMEMBERED the name: the Seneca hotel. Gioe was in and when I told him the girl friend and I had just hit town, he asked me where I was staying. I named the hotel, and he said I should have waited until I called him.

"You could have moved in here," he pointed out.

"This is fine," I said.

He laughed. "Still independent."

We made arrangements to have dinner with him that evening. He would call for us. When I hung up, I turned to Judy and said, "He doesn't sound right."

She was over on the bed thumbing thru a newspaper. "Maybe this explains it," she said.

I walked over and glanced down at the story she pointed out to me. It said that the Kefauver committee was in town and it also said Charlie (Cherry Nose) Gioe, among others, was scheduled to make an appearance before said committee.

We were waiting in the lobby of the hotel when Gioe walked thru the door alone. He was dressed in a gray suit, cut along conservative lines, and he still waddled like a duck. Evidently the power of the Syndicate did not impress his bunions. They were still a source of torment to him.

He grinned broadly when he saw me, but it wasn't the old Gioe grin, just as it wasn't the old Gioe face. He had aged at least ten years. There were deep lines around his mouth and wrinkles around his eyes. His spectacles, perched on his big nose, failed to hide deep shadows. Charlie Gioe was either a very sick man or a very worried one.

Judy appeared impressed by him. Or maybe it was the advance buildup I had tossed her way. He really was a likeable guy and a good conversationalist, even when he had heavy weights on his mind, and he had them in those days.

WE HAD DINNER at the Chez, caught the show, left there and made the rounds of several other clubs. Gioe, to me, was a man playing the "laugh clown laugh" role to the hilt that night.

The party was on him. He insisted. He picked up the tab all along the line. We really did the town.

It was after three in the morning when we left a pizza house. Judy was yawning and Gioe mentioned a full schedule for the next day and I thought: Yeah, with your lawyers and the Kefauver committee.

"But we'll do a repeat tomorrow night," he told me.

We did. Judy got in touch with her sister that day and spent the afternoon with her and I loafed around the hotel room. That night it was Gioe's party again.

"I owe this guy plenty," he told Judy at one point in the evening. "If he ever decides to move in on Chicago, I think I can line him up with one of the radio stations."

We got back to the hotel shortly after three in the morning and I said we were leaving for Flint the next afternoon.

"I've enjoyed this, Shelly," Gioe said. "And I wasn't kidding about lining you up with something good down here. Give it some thought."

I called him the next day, just before we pulled out, and he said, "By the way, I talked with Paul and he said to give you his best." Campagna wasn't mentioned.

We were driving thru Gary when Judy said, "You've been awfully quiet, baby. What's bothering you?"

"What did you think of him?" I said.

"Who?"

"Gioe."

She played with the answer and when it finally came, it was apparent she had not given it much thought.

"What do I think of him?" she repeated. "What can I think? He's got money, power. He's a big shot, so you say. Tops in the rackets. But a nice guy. A little too quiet at times and a

little too loud at other times. But a nice guy and I like him. Why?"

It was a good question and, racing over the smooth surface of the highway, Judy at my side, the radio purring a nice easy-going kind of jazz, I couldn't produce the answer. But the sense of something not quite right with Gioe stayed with me.

Now, four years later, sitting in a prison cell, reliving all of it, I think I have finally found the answer.

Fear finally touched the man they never called Cherry Nose.

On the surface, Gioe was a happy-go-lucky, conservatively but expensively dressed guy who was, according to popular belief, one of the wealthiest and most powerful of the racket bosses. Everything was at his fingertips – anything he desired was right there – everything it takes to make the bout with life a snap.

And yet, not everything – because fear and a conscience had finally invaded this formidable domain. Gioe in 1950 was a man who lived with fear, whose life no longer belonged to Charlie Gioe, but instead belonged to a giant machine, a monster, the Syndicate.

GIOE WAS MARKED for death. He sensed it vaguely in 1947. He knew it as a positive fact in 1950. He realized it fully the night of August 18, 1954.

And Frankie (The Immune) Maritote, arrogant hood who feared death by heart failure – but who never thought anyone would have the guts to gun him down – followed Gioe.

A lot of men have died in the formation, preservation and struggle for leadership of the Syndicate: Big Jim Colisimo, Dion O'Bannion, the Genna brothers, Sam Amatuna, Hymie Weiss, Tony Lombardo and an host of other, less notable, gangland figures.

The toll will continue. This is evident. There are a lot of theories about the deaths of Gioe and Maritote and there is a strong case for a close association between their deaths and the deaths of ten other major and minor Chicago hoods since 1952.

Who is next? If there is a split in the leadership of the Syndicate it could be anyone from either side. But who is on what side?

Maybe before this sees print, one or the other side will have blasted another opponent. There is one thing you can make book on:

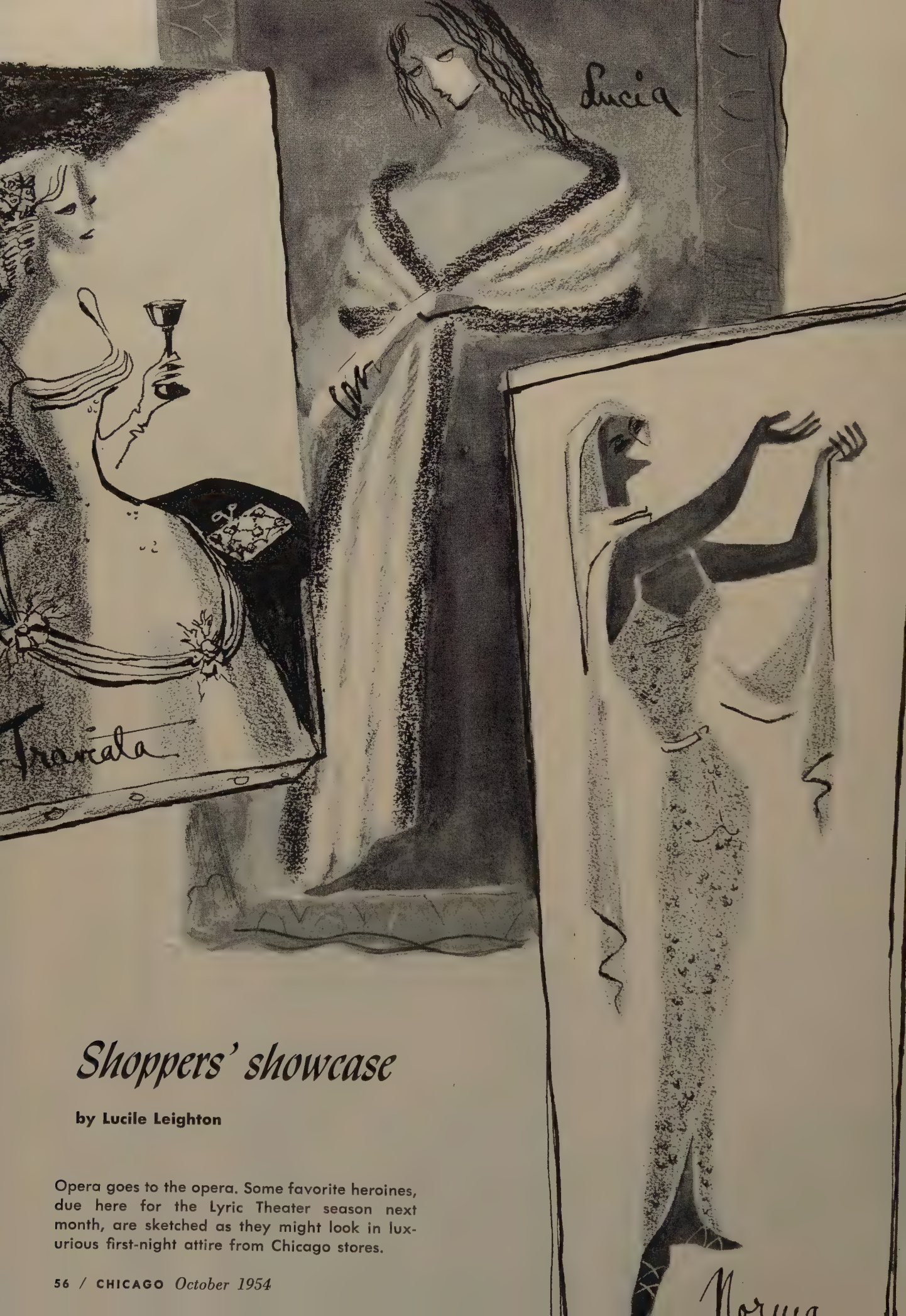
The gangland guns will speak again, and soon. Someone will pay for the deaths of Gioe and Maritote, and when this debt is paid someone else will have to pay for taking care of their killers.

Paul (The Waiter) Ricca, Syndicate wheel, during one of his many tangles with the law. With him, a U.S. deputy marshal

Frankie Maritote (Frankie Diamond) hid his face when he surrendered on labor racket charges in 1943.

designed by Joe Phelan

Acme photos



Shoppers' showcase

by Lucile Leighton

Opera goes to the opera. Some favorite heroines, due here for the Lyric Theater season next month, are sketched as they might look in luxurious first-night attire from Chicago stores.

La Traviata, the belle, wears a white silk taffeta gown from Chas. A. Stevens' Designer shop. It's beautifully draped, with bustle and glittering accents. The Lady of the Camellias has chosen an evening bag from Joseph's with pastel pearl flowers on white and gold cloth.

Lucia lost her heart to an elegant stole of white jasmine and dark ranch mink from N. H. Rosenthal. Gloves of sterling silver jersey match the lining.

Norma is a radiant priestess in a dazzling gown by Eleanor Garnette of Rome, offered at Bramson's. Soft blue chiffon is covered completely with irridescent paillettes; pink and blue chiffon stole.

Tosca is as beautiful as her role in Sophie's original creation of luxurious gray satin from Saks.

Carmen turns the head of every Don Jose in embroidered black taffeta from Stevens' Designer shop. Royal blue satin ribbon runs thru the pleated ruffle. And her dancing feet wear the new magnetic shoes from Joseph's that cling without straps.

And they'll all take along Almer Coe opera glasses in an attractive compact-size case.

Discards of Halloween

Wearing a pig-face mask from the Five-and-Ten,
I call all bones to rise and show their revels
With knees eccentric, like some soft shoe men.
And mingle in the lots, around the fires,
And call the Diesel for an obbligato
To *Miserere* of these winds in wires.
I call the evening's neons, and all signs,
To daunt their switches and reverse their slogans,
To haunt with naughty news, neologisms,
The sellers of the beefsteak and the brogans.
When cats cry moo and Guernseys go me-ow
And prophets see the past as clear as crystal,
Shadows should be pneumatic, animated,
And Heaven and Hell divorced with a candy pistol.

Where is my fire from? From burning leaves.
Where is my incense from? From flaming shoes.
And Abra and Cadabra are the partners
That make black market with my weeds in sheaves.
At ten the trees, transvestite, try their tricks
And carry roofs for hats and sport umbrellas.
How Buicks grin! How trackless trolleys wander!
How masks are passed and passed on leaning stairs!

From shorts turned upside down, and trousers' pockets,
The pesos of the world fall to the moon.
The blackbird sings, and someone squares the circle;
And martyrs pluck the bandsaw for a tune.
What do they do? They see the city in ponds,
And read the taxes backward, as subsidies.
They see the minutes larger than the days.
They see the lovers leaping as they please.
At midnight court within the hopeful precinct,
They work in whispers at investigation.
They kick the Spaniards out of rosy Lima
And march the Incas back to Cuzco mansion.

No wonder that old clothes are to be given,
And calendars are as the stubs of tickets.
The moonstairs echo where the twigs of summer
Race naked on the shingles and the pickets.
I give away my sleeves with all their linings,
Laces and tongues that utter in my shoes,
And collars for the tie-less, and a Stetson
To pull its brim on the shadows in their cruise.
You saccharine goblins, with your woodwind chuckle,
Until I toss this collar-button down,
Just hold your chocolate bullets, while I wonder
If you could use the molding of this frown.
Now the bell strikes! Like rock split under water!
I hereby drink a bourbon for your tour,
Wind up the sleeping cat, and chide my wife,
And leave the milkman's order on the door.

Reuel Denney

How to enjoy wine without drinking 42 gallons a year

by William Swartchild jr.

Altho Chicago has yet to challenge the wine-quaffing supremacy of Paris, statistics indicate that there has been a substantial rise of late in local consumption of the fermented grape.

An increasing percentage of the more than 20 billion bottles of wine produced annually thruout the world is finding its way to the city whose history is linked more closely to wild onion plants than vines.

Frenchmen, close to the greatest source of supply, down about 42 gallons of wine per capita per annum. The average American puts away less than a gallon a year. However, undiscouraged by the large gap it has to close, the local populace has been making greater and greater use of this versatile and satisfying nectar since the end of World War II.

The increasing popularity of wine in these parts is attributed largely to two factors: 1) Since the war fine French, German and Italian products have been available here in steadily growing quantity and variety. 2) Chicagoans traveling in Europe have been exposed to wine-drinking societies, and familiarity with the practice has bred anything but contempt.

Probably the greatest obstacle to an even more rapid increase in wine drinking here is the average man's lack of knowledge and possession of misconceptions on the subject. For example, many people think that all kinds of rules, regulations, customs and unwritten laws must be observed in the consumption of wine. Actually the requirements are quite simple and are essentially the accumulation of experience about getting the most pleasure from wine, such as by knowing which wines and which foods generally go best together, and which detract from each other. The rule which overshadows all the others is: Do whatever tastes best to you.

Even allowing for differences in individual taste, however, he who experiments with matchmaking for food and wine is likely soon to discover certain fundamental principles. One is that wine and salad don't go well together because the wine and the salad dressing are mutually antagonistic. Another is that red meats naturally court red wines. Seafood and fish can happily be united to dry white wines. Desserts find bliss with sweet white wines. Cheese and red wine wear double harness beautifully.

The quality of a bottle of wine depends on myriad factors that go back to the nativity of the grapes whence it was concocted. Soil and climate are crucial factors in viticulture. Some kinds of chalky, porous soil are so valuable to the vintner that if a heavy storm washes any off he will collect and carry it by handfuls to its original hillside location.

Growing the grapes is only half the vintner's perennial battle. Correct handling of the mature fruit is equally important. Missing the right time to harvest it by a few hours can mean the difference between a good bottle and an inferior one. Misjudging by a hair the proper amount of fermentation can have similarly decisive consequences. It is even claimed that there are experts who can taste a bottle of wine from a vineyard they know and tell whether the grapes that made it were picked by harvesters working vertically up and down the slope, or horizontally around it.

There are five principal types of wine: unblended still, blended still, fortified, natural sparkling and arti-

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ficial sparkling. The character of the first two is self-explanatory. Fortified wines are those to which other ingredients have been added in the interest of taste, strength or some other consideration. An example is Spanish sherry, which is usually a blend of several wines fortified by the addition of brandy. Natural sparkling wines are much less common than artificial ones, the best known of which are champagne and sparkling burgundy.

MOST TABLE WINES are called either white or red, altho the actual color of the whites runs from pale green to deep yellow, and the reds range from rose to magenta.

Potions like whisky, gin and brandy do not change once they are removed from the cask and bottled. Wine, on the other hand, is a "living" thing which evolves not only in the barrel but also during its entire life in the bottle. In general good wines become better with bottle age and lesser ones are ravaged by time. Strangely enough, a good wine may have periods when it is not so fine, and then return to its original excellence. Or a wine may show little early promise and then develop into a truly great product. The converse is also true sometimes.

Some wines don't travel successfully at all. These types are usually consumed where they are made and not exported. But travel affects all wines, even great ones, so it's always best to let wine which has been on a trip restore itself before it is consumed.

The familiar term "vintage" refers to the year the grapes from which a wine was made were harvested. Of those normally available in local shops and restaurants today, the better years are 1937, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949 and 1952. Vintage should be used as a general guide, rather than a binding rule, in the selection of wines. Some excellent ones are produced in years of generally poor vintage, and individual types may be poor even tho they were born in a year of good grapes.

Some wine fanciers like to keep a little notebook as a crutch in becoming connoisseurs. When they buy a bottle they jot down its name, vintage and price. After consuming it they note their opinions. Soon they have a valuable and expanding record of their particular favorites.

White wines should be chilled about a half-hour before they are served. Reds should be parceled out at room temperature. And the cork of a red wine should be removed several hours earlier, giving it a chance to "breathe."

A WINE GLASS should be filled only part way to the top, so that it may be enjoyed by the sense of smell, as well as taste.

If more than one wine is to be consumed at a sitting, the white should preceed the red; the dry should come before the sweet, and the lesser in advance of the great. A bottle which isn't finished immediately can be kept in the refrigerator for a few days without much loss of flavor. One no longer satisfactory for drinking can still be useful for cooking or marinating. Cooking with wine is an inexhaustible subject all by itself.

Even storage of wine is done according to rules. Bottles should be kept in dark places away from steam pipes and sudden changes in temperature. Fortified wines, like sherry and port, can be stored standing upright, but table wines should always lie flat so that the corks are kept moist. The white wines should be kept closest to the floor where it is the coolest; the red ones above the whites.

The acquisition, care and serving of fine wines can be an interesting hobby as well as an important adjunct to gracious dining and entertaining. Plato is on record to the effect that "Nothing more excellent than the juice of the grape was ever granted by god to man."

A second second chance

WFMT is betting that radio can reach a TV-proof audience

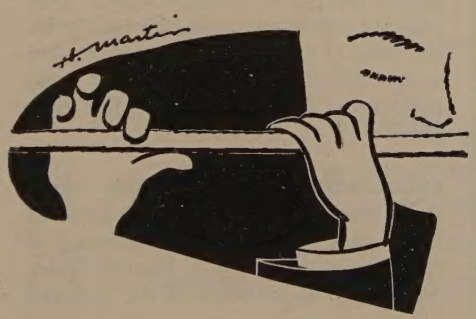
by Thomas Parrish

One Saturday afternoon early last June, several of us were sitting around talking and more or less listening to the radio. Gradually we realized that a very angry young woman was speaking. She was telling us, in unequivocal terms, that we had failed to support that particular station: if we were advertisers, we'd failed to advertise; if we were record buyers, we'd failed to buy records from the station's record shop; if we were just listeners, we'd failed to subscribe to the program guide. And because of our failure to do these things, she had an announcement to make. The woman was Rita Jacobs; the station, WFMT; and the announcement: WFMT was cutting its time on the air by more than half, from 18 hours a day to eight.

The fact that a radio station would bawl out its listeners, its advertisers, and its customers – or would have the nerve to bawl out anybody at all – is rare and remarkable. And more remarkable still, within a week after the announcement the station had collected $7,000 in response to its request for listeners to become "subscribers." It was evident that there actually were people who feared that the station might go off the air. The most curious point of all is that WFMT is not operated by any nonprofit foundation or cultural institution. It is a commercial station, and yet people will give it money so it can stay on the air. Imagine WIND, say, or WGN or any similar station appealing for "station subscribers." How could they possibly word the announcement?

Altho WFMT technically is a commercial station, it is a most unusual one. It does not have 15 minute spiels about hair restorer and oversized flowers. It does not repeat phone numbers several times in a sentence. It does not spell out one-syllable mailing addresses. Its announcers do not assure you that you can buy something worth $500 without spending more than "a few pennies a week." And, best of all, the programs are good. WFMT calls its offering "serious music, drama, discussion and poetry." In short, WFMT is what often is called a "cultural" radio station. Such stations do not come into being easily, and there are precious few of them.

Rita Jacobs and her husband, Bernard, began what was, after all, a bold experiment when they appeared on the air on the afternoon of December 13, 1951. It turned out to be quite a Christmas present for Chicago, and it was a Christmas present for the Jacobses, too. As Jacobs recalled, he



had waited for the opportunity to put good music on the air since he had begun listening to a noon concert program over a Chicago station twenty-odd years ago. When he and several partners went on the air in 1948 with a station called WOAK, his goal began to seem close at hand. But his associates, like practically everybody else, didn't believe that a radio station can exist if it broadcasts good programs for a whole day every day, and before long WOAK had faded away. Jacobs took over the assets, and WFMT soon appeared at 105.9 megacycles on the FM band (the frequency has since been changed to 98.7).

By New Year's the Jacobses, who were the station's entire staff, had to ask whatever audience they had already gathered to contribute to the cause. When listeners responded with enough money to keep the station going and volunteer workers offered their help, WFMT had won its first battle – which is perhaps the reason that the station is not afraid to call on its audience now. An audience that contributes money is likewise an audience that will buy products, as sponsors began to realize, and soon records, contemporary furniture and even cheese products were being advertised in subdued commercials which were revolutionary mainly because they confined themselves to relevant facts. By August, 1952, *Time* magazine was able to describe WFMT as an "unabashedly highbrow"station which was managing to operate in the black. Since then the station has struggled to stay there while expanding its service; its power was increased from 8,340 to 34,000 watts; the broadcast day was lengthened by degrees to 18 hours; the staff was enlarged. In the beginning the Jacobses had been virtual prisoners in their own studio, since Mrs. Jacobs did the announcing and Jacobs had to comply with FCC regulations that require a licensed engineer to be present during time on the air. A larger staff not only meant more freedom; it meant more chance to see possible sponsors and develop programs.

The Jacobses and their staff members have not devoted all this effort to the station merely because they want something "unabashedly highbrow," nor are all FM sets found in ivory towers. WFMT represents the idea that a radio station does not have to try for every listener within physical range of its transmitter and that good programs can find their audience. The best example of this is a woman listener's comment about a University of

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Chicago presentation of Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes.* "Nothing makes dishwashing easier than such a program," she said. "I can mend socks, or iron, or wash dishes, etc., and it is hardly any effort at all if I can hear someone read, or hear a dramatization, such as you have."

WFMT's programing has ranged widely, encompassing all sorts of music, Marlene Dietrich as well as Mahler; a marvelous series of talks by Jacques Barzun; weekly programs by Gilbert Highet and Gilbert Seldes; BBC transcriptions of all kinds, from *The Canterbury Tales* to George Orwell's *Animal Farm.* Anybody who believes that only university professors enjoy this kind of programing is falling for some of the fallacies that have reduced conventional radio to the gibberish level.

And yet, despite its fine theories and early successes, WFMT is in trouble; its future is uncertain. The usual explanation is that trouble — especially the financial kind — is endemic to any sort of "cultural" activity. Perhaps this is true, but WFMT essentially is a commercial station, tho one with a deep-seated difference between it and other commercial stations. WFMT presents commercials in order to broadcast certain kinds of programs to anyone who cares to listen. Ordinary commercial radio looks at it the other way around: it broadcasts programs in order to present commercials to the largest possible audience, which, no matter how big it actually is, is called "the public." Radio then is said to be giving the public what it wants. This attitude was expressed quite tersely by the head of an advertising agency with many radio contracts: "The best radio program is the one that sells the most goods."

PHILOSOPHICAL BASIS for this viewpoint may be found in some remarks made shortly before the beginning of the television era by J. Harold Ryan, who then was president of the National Association of Broadcasters. Describing the early days of radio, when station ownership was viewed by many as a public philanthropy and commercials were limited to mention of the sponsor's name, he said, "This kind of radio was strictly high hat, certainly not American, and was not destined to last."

In addition to this difference in attitude, WFMT is the only station in the United States that has attempted to make enough money to operate by selling sponsors spot announcements, not time — thus retaining absolute control over the programing — and at the same time broadcasting what it believes to be the best programs available. Wisconsin's excellent radio service is financed by the state; station WNYC, in New York City, is municipally owned (and every year fights for its budget); station WGBH, in Boston, is operated by a group of cultural and educational institutions. The closest approach to a parallel with WFMT is station KPFA in Berkeley, California, which is completely noncommercial and depends for its income on listener subscriptions. It, too, may be un-American and perhaps not destined to last, because on the cover of its latest program folio was an urgent appeal for funds. This is especially unfortunate since, in many ways, KPFA's programing is the most imaginative in the country. Once it put on a group of marijuana smokers who discussed the delights of their addiction.

Generally speaking, educational stations never have done much to fill the enormous gaps left by commercial radio. Many of them are run as tho they were commercial stations. Many others never have recognized that radio is an artistic and intellectual medium with requirements of its own; they've been content with farm bulletins and canned lectures and tepid discussion programs. And a number have been started and then have gone off the air quietly. Some of the good ones have survived, but they reach only a fraction of the population.

Just after World War II a great deal of thought was given to FM — "radio's second chance," some called it. Many people thought AM broadcasting would be replaced by FM; they hoped that in the process of conversion new stations would become prominent, since FM made many more stations possible, and they also hoped that many established stations would broadcast over two channels, thus doubling the programing possibilities. What happened, of course, was television. The major radio stations did begin putting out an FM signal, but it carried the soap operas, too.

But now that television has estab-

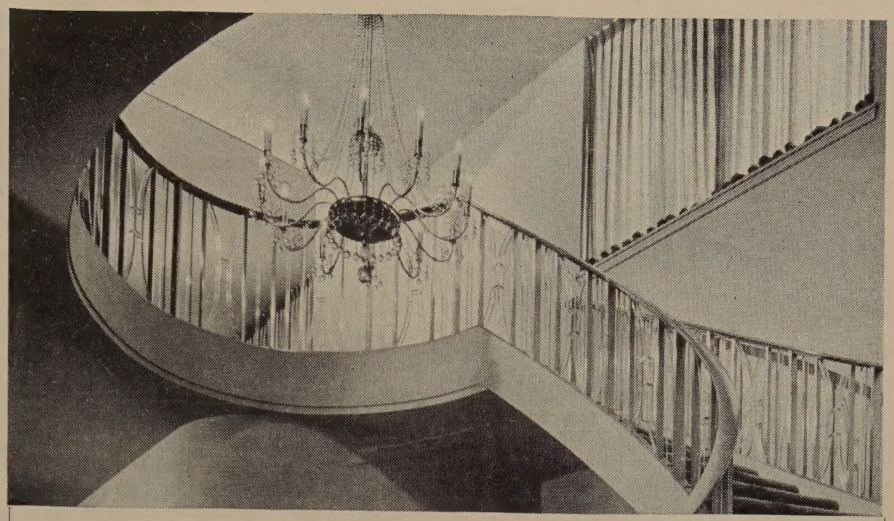
lished itself, it may be that radio has its second second chance. WFMT and similar stations have already proved that there are limited audiences that can be reached by radio. But will they buy goods? WFMT thinks they will, and has gone into the record business itself. The results of this venture should be pretty conclusive, since classical records seem to be an ideal product to be sold by a station broadcasting a great deal of classical music. So far, the signs are encouraging.

SPECIALIZED BUSINESSES have been important advertisers since WFMT's early days, and in this case considerable evidence on the station's value already is in. For example, the Broadmoor contemporary furniture shop resumed WFMT sponsorship this summer after advertising on another station. According to Broadmoor's owner, Al Markoff, the decision to return was actually made by the store's customers. Identifying themselves as WFMT listeners, they demanded that Broadmoor return to WFMT, and no nonsense about it. "WFMT is an amazing medium," Markoff said. "For us it's the best there is. People who come into the store are proud to make themselves known as WFMT listeners. The other night a family drove all the way from Palos Park, got here after nine o'clock, and bought several hundred dollars' worth of stuff. They said they came to us because we advertise on WFMT."

There are other stories of this kind, all of which mention the extraordinary enthusiasm of WFMT listeners. Thus a good measure of optimism is justified, even tho the station is making public appeals for operating funds. Jacobs cheerfully observed, "Because of its phenomenal past, it is realistic to expect that WFMT will continue to grow and soon will be firmly established financially." In saying this he isn't overlooking the continuing need for subscribers; the station still has a long way to go in its drive for $75,000.

His prediction seemed on the way to fulfillment early in September when the station moved from the West Side downtown, announcing that listeners had contributed $16,000 in two months. At the same time its power, cut back to 8,000 watts early this year, was increased to 28,000. And its new antenna atop the La Salle-Wacker building increased its range considerably.

By its nature WFMT is not the sort of enterprise that ever will occupy a floor of the Merchandise Mart, and it probably will have to fight for security for some time to come. But there is ample proof that a great many people very much want it to stay on the air.



Architect—Paul Williams • Photographer—Robert C. Cleveland

Heavenly Staircase

Created with walls and ceilings of reinforced plaster . . . reinforced with Keymesh lath to assure enduring beauty

The charm of your staircase, the charm of your home will excite "heavenly" praise when you build with reinforced plaster. When you insist on plaster walls and ceilings, your home interior flows with soft graceful lines, like this staircase setting. Plaster follows any line, any curve, and takes any decoration. Your color ideas are unlimited. That's why your architect will specify plaster. And your plastering contractor will recommend the 3 Keys to Stronger Plaster — Keymesh, Keycorner and Keybead. Then he knows, and you know, you are assured complete satisfaction with the beauty and advantages of plaster.

Keystone Steel & Wire Company, PEORIA 7, ILLINOIS

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If this issue of **CHICAGO** contains a feature that you would like to have a friend see, fill out this coupon and mail it to us. We'll send your friend a complimentary copy of the magazine, with the article marked, telling him it is sent at your request.

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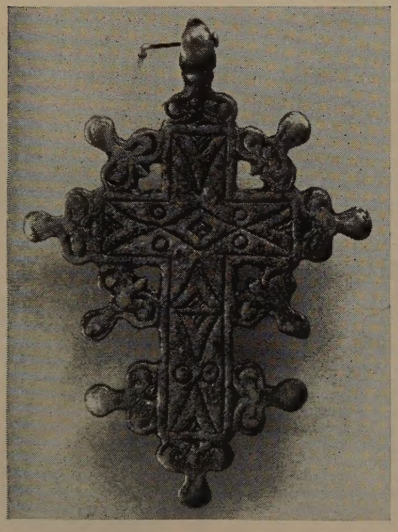
Shopping by mail

by Rachael Ann Bottorff

These three costume jewelry items are faithful reproductions of art objects in the permanent collection of the Art Institute. They are made of base metals, plated with gold or silver. Each costs $2.85 postpaid. The Art Institute of Chicago, Michigan at Adams, Chicago 3.

Gold-plated cross, 2 x 1¾ in, reproduction of late 18th or early 19th Century



adaptation of an earlier, more ritualistic cross of Greek design. Carries inscriptions in Cyrillic alphabet and emblems representing lance and sponge — symbols of the Passion. Order by No. AIC-7.

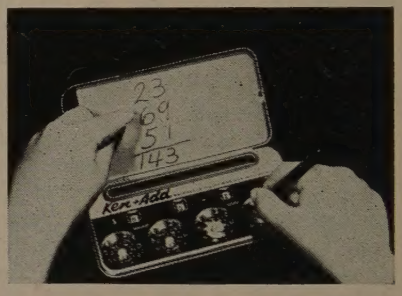
Gold-plated image, 2 in. high, is a reproduction of one found in Central America, period 1200-1500 A.D. Original is an example of the "lost wax" process of Venezuelan Indian artisans who molded ob-

jects in wax and enclosed them in clay, leaving vents through which wax escaped when clay was fired. Molten gold was then poured into hollow mold. Order No. AIC-2.

Silver-plated cuff links, the size of a quarter, are reproductions of a Greek coin from Athens, about 525-430 B.C. Shows head of goddess Athena, depicted

in helmet according to the myth of her birth: that she sprang, in full armor, from the forehead of her father, Zeus. Order No. AIC-4.

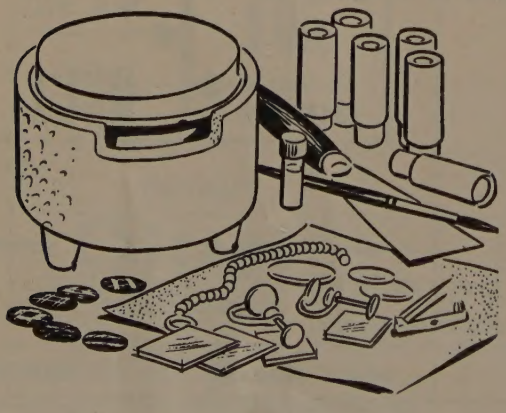
Something you can count on. Keep track of shopping costs, sports scores, household records. Write your grocery list on magic slate in lid, add prices as you



shop. Helps teach children arithmetic. Made of metal, closes to 5 by 2½", is ½" thick, weighs 6 ounces. Pocket Adding Machine, $6.95 post paid. D. Corrado, Inc., 26 n. Clark, Chicago 2.

Add 2% Illinois Retailer's Occupational tax on all shipments within the state.

MAKE YOUR OWN COPPER ENAMELED JEWELRY



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